

GEORGE V. KING AND EMPEROR

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P R E F A C E

THERE is no lack of material for the life of His Majesty in the accounts already published of his travels throughout the Empire. But in making use of these records the writer incurs a debt which requires fitting acknowledgment. My description of the early voyage owes all its vitality to the *Cruise of the "Bacchante"* (Messrs. Macmillan), which contains the diary of the young Princes. For the colonial tour my heartiest thanks are due to Messrs. Macmillan for their kind permission allowing me to make the quotations from Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's *Web of Empire*, which are to be found on pages 52, 54, 55, 56, 63, 64, 66, 67, 69, 78, 84, 85, 89, 92, and 95. I also obtained valuable information from Mr. William Maxwell's *With the "Ophir" round the Empire*. The Indian portion is based upon the official account by Dr. Stanley Reed, without which I could not have followed the tour so closely, and I

PREFACE

supplemented this work by *A Vision of India*, by Mr. S. Low, and *India* (British Empire Series : Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.), two most useful and interesting books dealing with our Eastern dominions.

To all these gentlemen I tender my grateful acknowledgments for the help I obtained from their works for this short summary of King George V.'s labours in preparing himself for the task of government and in preserving the unity of the Empire.

E. MAJOR.

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PART I

THE TRAINING OF A KING

A

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

“God send him many years of sunshine days!”

—*Richard II.* iv. 1.

BORN to be a King! There is a spell about the words that defies the changing ideals of these democratic days. There is an unconscious appreciation of the fact that kingship owes something to birth as well as to training in the joy that is expressed and felt when a direct heir to the throne comes to make his people glad.

Such was the rejoicing when the birth of a son to the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) was announced to the nation. Prince Albert Victor, soon to be known affectionately as “Prince Eddy,” was born on January 8, 1864.

For all the early years of his life, his was the figure that the nation fixed upon as the one who was to come second after his royal grandmother, and who was to continue worthily the traditions of the great Victorian line. With her the Empire had taken its

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birth ; she was the first Queen-Empress, and to her all her people's love and veneration still turned. That her dynasty should be handed on unbroken was the earnest wish of her faithful subjects. All seemed prosperous, though there was an early delicacy about this much-desired heir which caused many a fear to those who knew him well.

Seventeen months after, the second son was born on June 3, 1865, and received the names of "George Frederick Ernest Albert." This was the Prince who, after all, was to occupy the exalted position of King-Emperor which was supposed to be the appanage of his brother, and he has brought to the task certain qualities which perhaps he might have missed had he been destined to the throne from his earliest years.

Though "Prince Eddy" occupied the most prominent place in the public eye, and was always invested with the dignity of the elder son, yet the actual home training of the two brothers was the same in early life. There was little difference in their age, and Prince George's more robust health made him physically the equal of his brother. Indeed, a ready wit, a keen eye, a daring mind made him, in all active pursuits, a leader. They had a real English training, for their father

was anxious to avoid some features which he considered undesirable in his own upbringing. In certain ways the Prince Consort had introduced German ideals into the education of his eldest son. Books were too exclusively depended upon as the means of instruction, a rigid discipline checked the free intercourse of the home circle, and independence of character was not cultivated as in England by making a boy early responsible for his actions and teaching him self-reliance.

The home life of the little Princes was kept as natural and as happy as possible, and the manner of the late King's life at Sandringham as Prince of Wales is well known. There he aimed at being above all things a country gentleman. He took a deep interest in farming, entering thoroughly into the breeding and improvement of his cattle. He knew many of the farmers personally, and the tales of his tenants' balls at Christmastide, when half Norfolk went to Sandringham and were the guests of their Prince, are still remembered and told by those who were present. In the hunting-field or on the Norwich race-course he was still in the midst of his people, circulating freely among them, with a kindly word whenever a familiar face caught his eye, for the Prince had a royal memory. And his

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people returned his love. He was King of Norfolk long before the throne of England claimed him. This was the example before his little sons. They were taught to be kind and courteous, to be frank of speech and ready of smile.

In the home the same notes of simplicity and kindness prevailed. Formality of address was avoided as much as possible. The young Princes were allowed little pleasures and relaxations much as any other well-bred child, and they lost them too sometimes when the proper standard of good conduct was not attained. Behind the parents stood an indulgent grandmother, with whom they could take more childish liberties than her own children had ever dared to do.

And how did the younger brother develop in this warm home atmosphere? Certain characteristics come out saliently in all the accounts given of his childish days. He was generous and warm-hearted, impulsive and very frank. All agree in speaking of his straightforward, outspoken manner. Whether he had to own up to some fault or to keep fast some principle, he never failed in strong, honest conduct. It is recounted that as a cadet in the *Britannia* he once put marline-spikes into a sub-lieutenant's

cot, but as soon as he heard that a messmate was blamed for the trick, Prince George owned he was the culprit.

But not only at Sandringham did the young Princes lead healthy, unspoilt lives. Every year they crossed to Copenhagen, their mother's home, and had a real summer holiday, with fishing and other outdoor sports, in company with their cousins, the present German Emperor and the Czar of Russia. Then there was Marlborough House, where London sights could be enjoyed for a time, and the autumn visits to Abergeldie to stay with Queen Victoria in her beloved Highland home.

Studies were none the less real for being thus diversified with recreation, and at the proper age the young Princes were both sent to the *Britannia*. In this King Edward had a definite plan for the training of his two sons. As a beginning he had decided that there were certain points in a naval education which would be of inestimable value to them. There is first the organisation ; every man has his place, and it would be impossible to take even a prince out of his rank and show favouritism without upsetting every fixed convention of the service. Then there is the discipline, rigid and yet just, by means of which obedi-

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ence becomes willing subordination to something greater than the individual. King Edward's wisdom was justified in his son. We know for certain that Prince George loved the life, and had looked forward to it from quite early days.

After all, the spirit of the sea was in his blood and in his traditions. His mother was from Denmark, the land of the Vikings; Nelson was the son of his own home-county of Norfolk. Even the Rector of Sandringham, the Rev. Lake Onslow, who was very intimate with the little Princes, and who had been naval instructor to the Duke of Edinburgh, filled Prince George's head with nautical stories. The crown and its responsibilities were for his brother, but for him was the wide ocean, the thrill of the engines as the great warships went in their array upon the deep, and, who knows, perhaps the mighty sound of battle in defence of his country.

Hopes like these give an actuality to study, and Prince George began his career at the bottom of the ladder as a naval cadet on June 5, 1877, with a light heart and a willing spirit.

Both the royal brothers went to Dartmouth together, and their life on board the

Britannia was just the same as that of all the other cadets, except that they had separate sleeping quarters. Mr. Lawless was their naval instructor, and under him they soon began to learn all the mysteries of seamanship. Prince George was especially zealous, as he had a natural aptitude for the necessary studies as well as a desire to make the naval profession his own. He soon won prizes for sailing and for rowing in a boat's crew, and later on, during the cruise of the *Bacchante*, we have more than one mention of his prowess in this respect. Once at a luncheon given to some high Japanese dignitaries he had to slip off before the end of the function and change quickly into flannels, because he was wanted to row in a regatta. In those days Prince Albert Victor was the one who could least be spared from visits of ceremony, whilst the sports seemed shorn of some of their brightness if Prince George was kept away.

It is almost by an effort, for we are getting accustomed to this democratic education for our royal princes, that we realise the wisdom of King Edward in thus breaking away from the traditional training of kings. He wished above all that his sons should know *men*, and it is only by mixing with them young, and as equals and playfellows to begin with, that

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this knowledge can come without conscious effort. In this point the navy is especially useful, because, when still at an early age, a youth is given responsibility, not only for himself but for others, and he is the companion of those higher in the service, while yet preserving the subordination belonging to his rank. Again, he begins to see the world sooner than other lads as he goes with his squadron on different stations. Thus it came to pass that after two years at Dartmouth under Captain Fairfax, the time arrived for the royal brothers to put into practice what they had learnt, and to begin to see the world of men. It was decided that they should go for a three years' cruise and visit the more famous quarters of the globe, whilst at the same time continuing their studies during the hours they were at sea. This was the beginning of the training of a Prince who has travelled much since, and who has gained such an intimate knowledge of our dominions beyond the sea. The importance of such an experience cannot be overrated. The question of Imperial defence is one of the burning topics of the day. We have many eminent men to instruct public opinion as to what is best to do for the safeguarding of our naval supremacy, and amongst them King George

can show himself expert in knowledge and wise in council, when measures have to be taken to guard the wide gates of ocean at the boundaries of the Empire.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD IN THE COLONIES

“ All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.”

—Richard II. i. 3.

1879.—Two years passed happily enough on board the *Britannia*, and then it was decided to send the royal brothers on a long cruise, during which they were to touch at our chief colonial possessions, as well as visit many interesting foreign countries.

For this purpose H.M.S. *Bacchante* was chosen, and became for three years the floating home of the young Princes.

Besides the new impressions they received when on shore, the trip also gave them the opportunity of studying with regularity and freedom from outside distraction all the varied subjects which go to the making of a ruler of men. Not the least benefit gained by this form of education was the lesson of discipline. The training of a midshipman in his Majesty’s navy is looked upon as one of the finest to

which any boy can be subjected. Strict obedience, punctuality, alertness are all needed, and with them go the sense of responsibility, gradually deepening as he passes from "middy" to senior officer.

On all matters of naval discipline the Princes received the same treatment as any other midshipman. They had to take their turn in drill and duty as if the naval profession was to be their only future, and such indeed Prince George intended it to be, had not circumstances altered in after years.

It is interesting to picture the surroundings amid which our future king passed an important part of his boyhood's days. The gun-room, which served both as dining-room and general living-room, was a cabin 14 feet long and 8 feet broad, a large mirror at one end adding to the apparent size. On two of the walls hung pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the middle was a table which had to accommodate twelve or fourteen people at meal-time. Round the sides of the room were leather-covered lockers which served for seats, and above ran a shelf where the midshipmen piled up their possessions. Games, such as chess-boards, nautical instruments and telescopes, here a desk and

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there a dirk, all scattered pell-mell on the shelf, testified to the varied tastes of the occupants of the gun-room. On a leisure afternoon they might be seen at work or play, some making up their logs or tracing charts, some drawing or reading, and others, who had kept the middle watch the night before, stretched on the lockers in well-earned idleness. The gun-room was separated from the steward's pantry by a sliding window, and at a call "Inside there" he would appear and hand out cocoa or biscuits, or whatever light refreshments might be in favour at the moment. The young Princes slept in the same cabin with the other midshipmen, as no difference was to be made; and we read that once, during some very stormy weather on the way to Australia, the stanchion of Prince George's cot gave way and sent him rolling on the floor, to the great amusement of his messmates and of himself too.

On board ship they were directly under the ship's officers, with Lord George Scott, the captain, over all. On shore their tutor, the Rev. John Dalton, had charge of them.

On September 19 the two Princes said good-bye to their father, the Prince of Wales, and a week later saw them fairly on the way down the Channel. Their last sight of

England was the grey tower of the Wolf Lighthouse, Land's End, on September 26. During the whole of the voyage the brothers kept a diary, which was written up each night, and from this, supplemented by their private letters, a book of their experiences was compiled, by means of which we may obtain a fair idea of how the time passed. It is, however, difficult to disentangle the share that each brother had in this record of their impressions. One would like to know how much the younger brother profited by the experience; whether he left the serious thinking for "Prince Eddy," and took the trip light-heartedly, or whether he already began to take an interest in the subjects which occupied his mature years.

1880.—Occasionally we get a glimpse of him apart from his brother. While they were at Barbados the naval schoolmaster died, and was buried in the cemetery by the edge of the sea. Prince George, as midshipman of the watch, marched in charge of the funeral party of bluejackets under the first lieutenant.

On the same island we find it recorded that an old negress was so excited at seeing the "Queen's piccaninnies" as they drove through

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the town, that she threw a “spade” guinea into the carriage, and that Prince George wore it on his watch-chain from that day onwards.

A little comment on a Sunday sermon shows that the young writers can give a character to the incident which they are describing in a very few words: “For our morning service the Bishop of Barbados came off and preached a compact and rousing little sermon on St. Paul’s ‘I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.’ He spoke in a most pugnacious way of ‘hitting under the eye’ and ‘bullying the flesh’ by means of self-restraint, temperance, and self-denial. The men were very attentive as he stood up and spoke to them on the main deck for twenty minutes without note or book.”

1880.—On January 8 the Princes were both rated midshipmen, being at that time the only two naval cadets in the gun-room. In the same month, when they were weighed and measured, Prince George’s recorded height was 4 feet $10\frac{5}{8}$ inches, and in the entry that follows we seem to recognise his own proud comment: “He is nearly an inch taller than the Duke of Edinburgh was at the same age in 1858.”

When they find themselves in historic waters, between St. Lucia and Martinique, the love of their country and her naval achievements awakes. With a burst of fervour the diary exclaims: "We should be less than Englishmen, less than men, if we did not feel a thrill of pride while sailing here!" They record in some detail Rodney's victory over the French, and continue: "And it is not yet a hundred years since all this was here done. The air yet even now, in clearest blaze of sunlight, seems full of ghosts—the ghosts of gallant soldiers and sailors. Truly here the spirits of our fathers start, and ask us, their sons: 'What have you done with these islands which we won for you with precious blood?' And what could we answer? We have misused them, neglected them, till . . . we are half-minded to throw them away again, and give them up no matter much to whom. But was it for this that these islands were taken and retaken, till every gully and every foot of the ocean bed holds the skeleton of an Englishman? Was it for this that the sea was reddened with the blood of our own forefathers year after year?" This extract shows a sense of the responsibilities of government, which grew as the voyage continued.

In the same way we find that when they

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are at Jamaica, hearing of the slums and low-drinking places at Port Royal, which lay in wait for the careless Jack Tar, the Princes think that Government should buy up and burn the miserable dens just outside the dockyard! These were subsequently swept away by the earthquake.

Favoured by the south-east trade-wind the *Bacchante* arrived at the tropics in November, and on the 26th of that month the sports connected with crossing the line began. The royal midshipmen were highly delighted with the fooling of Father Neptune and his shy little wife "Amphitritty," as the sailors call her. They found the "shaving" and the ducking very agreeable in a temperature of 78°.

The Christmas of this year was spent at Monte Video, the capital of Uruguay, where the British Minister, Mr. Monson, gave a dance on Christmas Eve. The day itself was spent on the *Bacchante*, and included the usual decoration of the mess with evergreens, and the distribution of presents to the crew and the ship's boys.

1881.—After steaming up the river to Buenos Aires, they played a cricket match on New Year's Day. Some days were spent in

visiting the vast cattle runs on the pampas, and a good deal of fun was extracted from practice in lassoing and bolassing, which sometimes included a terrible entanglement both of the novice and his horse in the long rope of the lasso. Some good duck-shooting was also procured on one of the lagoons dotted over the pampas. The diary does not record what success Prince George had in particular, but it is no doubt that in this early practice in all parts of the world at all sorts of game lies the secret of his skill.

The original course arranged for the cruise included the passing of the Magellan Straits and a visit to the Chilian and Peruvian coasts. When the *Bacchante* arrived at the Falkland Islands, however, their plans were changed. Some of the officers were on the island shooting, and no one was prepared for the news that was brought from Monte Video, but as soon as the Admiral had read the telegram he hoisted the "blue Peter" and signalled, "Prepare for sea immediately; squadron to go to Cape of Good Hope with all despatch." So on January 25 the *Bacchante* started with the other vessels to take part in a "demonstration" at the Cape.

In order to understand the state of affairs at that time in South Africa, we must re-

member that the annexation of the Transvaal, which took place in 1877, had only been acceptable to a portion of the Dutch inhabitants, and there was also a delay in granting the Constitution which had been promised. In 1878 Kruger and Joubert, whose names are so familiar to Englishmen since the last Boer War, were already suggesting a trek farther north beyond English jurisdiction, unless they could procure the annulling of the Transvaal annexation. This was refused finally and distinctly in 1880, and on December 13 the Boer leaders proclaimed the South African Republic, which was an overt act of rebellion. At Pretoria the English troops were besieged by the Dutch, and at Bronker's Spruit the 94th Regiment was cut to pieces. As matters were looking rather black, a certain number of British cruisers were ordered to South African waters, to be at hand if any emergency arose. Amongst others were the ships of the little squadron in company with the *Bacchante*. As yet they did not know the gravity of the situation, and imagined the demonstration was against the Zulus or Basutos. Meanwhile matters at the Cape were not improving. On January 27 the Dutch invaded Natal, and on the 28th General Colley attacked them at Laing's Nek, but was repulsed.

The *Bacchante* and her consorts dropped anchor in Simon's Bay by the middle of February, and at once began taking in coal and provisions ready for any emergency, whilst the Admiral and captains paid a visit to Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor. During their stay at the Cape the young Princes began to have personal experience of the difficulties pertaining to Imperial government. There was the native question, with Basutos, Zulus, and Kaffirs always ready to make trouble, and that other only partially solved question, how to rule a colony such as the Cape when two out of every three inhabitants are of an alien race. The South African Confederation is now an accomplished fact, but the Dutch question must be an anxious one for many years to come.

On February 27, the day after the battle, the party waiting at Cape Town received the disastrous news of the defeat at Majuba Hill and of the death of Sir George Colley. In the diary we find how this momentous event affected the spirits of the two young Princes. They record that there were no balls or entertainments of any kind because of the general depression caused by the bad news, and that they felt but small inclination for the excursions which had been planned to show

them the country. They regret that the "demonstration" got no farther than Simon's Bay, for on March 21 the peace was signed, and most of the troops sent out when the first bad news came, returned home to England without landing. Twenty years elapsed before that defeat was atoned for, but "Remember Majuba" was often in the soldier's mouth during the Boer War.

Whilst at the Cape the two brothers were taken to see Ketchwayo, the Zulu king, whose name figures largely in any account of the English difficulties in overcoming that warlike race. Yet the Zulus, as well as most of the native tribes, are now firm adherents of English domination in South Africa, since they have had experience of its justice and upright dealing.

At the end of seven weeks the squadron weighed anchor and started for Australia. They spent Easter Day (April 17) at sea, and towards the end of the month experienced very squally weather, which made the vessel roll tremendously. At meals the chairs had to be lashed to the table and the plate held tight in one hand all the time, and there are entries of the chairs and stools sliding about the main deck whilst divine service is being held. The worst was to come when a

tremendous gale twisted the rudder-head and the vessel would no longer answer to the helm. It was a really anxious time, though the royal middies record it with the same light-hearted courage as they speak of crockery smashing, or a roll into the lee scuppers. The *Bacchante* was practically helpless in mid-ocean, and a gale blowing. Seaman-ship triumphed, however, and the vessel was brought in safety to the fine Princess Royal Harbour at Albany.

It is interesting to read of this first visit to the Australian colonies when we are comparing with the Royal tour of 1901. Twenty years have transformed most of the chief towns and their surroundings. We hear of an excursion to the quarantine station to shoot quail, of which there were many in the bush, and a little anecdote is told which sets the day's sport vividly before us after all this lapse of time. There was too much talking, and the birds were shy, so no game fell to the guns. Then the policeman, whose cottage was the only house on the island, led Prince George apart from the others and taught him the whistling call of the quail. This drew the birds nearer, and the young Prince soon got the sport he loved. There is more than one entry of his success. Having gone up country

for some kangaroo hunting, the two boys were also taken to a creek described as alive with wild duck and other waterfowl, and here Prince George made some good overhead shots.

After some further stay here they sailed for Adelaide, going by the mail boat, as the *Bacchante* was to pick them up again at Melbourne. Here we have the young Princes' first impressions of Adelaide, and events so fell out, that Prince George touched there once again in later years and saw the changes that had taken place. Whilst at Adelaide the two young Princes went out to Kadina to visit some copper-mines, and descended the shaft after donning the proper miner's dress.

After some other expeditions of the kind they started overland to Melbourne, getting some good kangaroo shooting on the way. At their various stopping places the school children came to greet them and sing the National Anthem. We shall see in the second tour what a marked feature of the reception in each town was the demonstration of "young Australia." Altogether the royal midshipmen were fifteen days absent from the ship, and thoroughly enjoyed their holiday.

It was necessary that they should pay a visit to the "Golden City of Ballarat" and be shown all the processes of quartz-crushing and extracting the gold from the rough ore, as well as the alluvial mining, and the history of the wild early days of gold-seeking no doubt proved full of interest. The bush-ranging exploits, which fill the early pages of the colonial records, were still in men's mouths, for the notorious "Kelly gang" had only been dispersed the year before. We find in the diary a careful description and a drawing of the "armour" made out of ploughshares, by means of which Kelly was for a time invulnerable. Victoria kept its thirtieth birthday whilst the Princes were there. It was only detached from New South Wales in 1851, and we find a statement culled from a local paper, to the effect that now the individual rights were secured, the work of Federal unity must begin. This aspiration found its fulfilment twenty years after in the opening of the Australian Federation Parliament, at which the Prince, who copied the above statement, was present. But besides the colonial development there was another question occupying men's minds, which has since been settled. It was a much-debated question in these early days,

as to whether the Home Government should retain the colonies or let them go. The distance then made many difficulties which have since been bridged by scientific discovery and inventions. Now that the colonies have proved their loyalty many times over, there is no longer any danger that the mother country should undervalue her overseas children and friends.

At Melbourne the two midshipmen were transferred to the *Inconstant*, and in her they finished their journey to the principal Australian cities. On July 9 they went on to Sydney, and, like all visitors to that city, were struck by the splendid beauty of the harbour. In enumerating the various churches and denominations in the place, a point they always carefully observe, they take note of the very large Irish colony with their Catholic cathedral standing on one of the highest and finest sites in Sydney. There it stood twenty years after, to be again noticed in the record of the second Royal tour. They give a good deal of information as to the arrangements for religious instruction in the schools of the colony. At that time the denominational difficulty was met by the "right of entry," but this did not on the whole give satisfaction. No solution is proposed, but all

this varied experience of the difficulties of government went little by little to form the mind of him who was one day to bear his share of government.

A visit to Brisbane concluded this part of the cruise, and "Prince Eddy" struck a very human note when he asked a holiday for the boys of the Grammar School, and said to them, "We are glad to have come here to-day, and to have seen you all face to face."

That after all was the object of the visit, that the generation yet to come should know their king as a friend who had spoken to them from his heart.

CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD IN THE EAST

“In those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those Blessed Feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.”

—*I King Henry IV.* i. 1.

1881.—From two causes—the illness of the Admiral, which delayed the start, and fear of quarantine—the visit to New Zealand had to be abandoned, so the *Bacchante* (once again the floating home of the young Princes) went on to the Fiji Islands. This was the turning point of the cruise ; from the time they left these islands the *Bacchante* was really homeward bound, although by a very devious route, and Japan was the next objective.

On October 21 she steamed up Yedo Bay as the day dawned, and the first Japanese possession that met the eye was a screw steamer, looking just as if they were in Europe except for the flag ; thus Japan was already giving a hint of what she was soon to become. The royal middies now fell in with friends ; Prince

Higashi Fushimi had been educated in England, and therefore was appointed by the Mikado to be in attendance on the young Princes during their stay in his country. They were presented to the Mikado, and Prince George was the spokesman on this occasion. He gave utterance to the wish, which has been so well fulfilled, that their "visit to Japan and his (the Japanese Crown Prince's) to England would serve to draw closer the ties of friendly feeling that already united the two countries." They also presented two Australian wallabies to the Empress, who was much pleased with the lively little creatures.

The Princes attended a review of the Japanese troops at which the Mikado was present mounted on his charger. We seem to see the pen of the younger brother at work on the lively description of his superior officers in full dress—cocked hat and sword and all—when mounted on the skittish little Japanese ponies. The chronicler remarks that he expected a general capsize, and portrays in some detail the performances of one of the medical officers of the squadron, who mastered his troublesome little beast with the greatest difficulty, and nearly lost his cocked hat in the struggle.

One of the most interesting conversations

held by the two midshipmen was that on the Japanese navy with the Minister of the Marine. Indeed the whole of the account of this visit is instinct with the growth and development of Japan along modern lines. Yet the background of it all is the wonderful past of the country. The buildings, the art, the customs, the religion are all touched upon thoughtfully and with much sympathetic feeling. Amid all the new and wonderful sights, however, the home life far away is not forgotten. It is especially mentioned that the gold plate on the table at the Mikado's state dinner had been seen at Marlborough House before it was sent out, and that the dessert service of Minton china was a replica of that in use at home.

The brothers were very much interested in watching the skill of the Japanese tattooers, and more than one of the crew brought away a permanent record of their visit in the form of a tattooed design upon their arms. They do not forget to note the usual day's sport, which was a welcome relaxation to much sight-seeing.

They missed two characteristic sights of Japan—the great wrestling contests in the spring, and the beautiful autumn chrysanthemum show, which is quite a national

festival. Altogether three weeks were spent in this enchanting land, and then the squadron passed on to China.

On their arrival at Shanghai they landed and proceeded 140 miles up the Wusung River in a houseboat, so as to see something of the country, and incidentally get some mixed shooting. When they put to sea again the midshipmen had to undergo their half-yearly seamanship examination, which brought them back to the sterner side of life. At Hong-Kong they had again much to visit and many things to learn, and they were treated to one of the "dragon-processions," of which Prince George was to see more than one in later life. Here, too, they spent the Christmas Day of 1881. Altogether, the four great maritime provinces of the Chinese Empire were visited before these Eastern waters were left.

1882.—Singapore and Ceylon were also touched at, and then the visit to the Far East came to an end, and the two great expeditions, first to Egypt and then to Palestine, were begun.

On March 2 the *Bacchante* entered the Suez Canal (the shares of which were bought by England on the advice of Lord Beacons-

field in 1875), and on the following day the Princes landed at Ismailia and proceeded to Cairo, to become the guests of the Khedive until they rejoined their ship at Alexandria. From Cairo they made an expedition to the Pyramids and Heliopolis, recording afterwards most carefully all they had learnt concerning the ancient dynasties of Egypt. Like all travellers in this country and in Palestine, they were struck by the continuity of daily life and custom. An aged trunk was pointed out to them as the one under which the Holy Family had rested when they fled from Herod's wrath. Whether that old, old tree really dated back so far was of little moment compared with the reality that impressed the young travellers. Here they were standing on the route most probably followed on that wondrous journey. They took their station in the shade near the sweet-water well, and saw the blindfold oxen leading round the wooden wheel that filled the jars from the spring. The water ran over the fields green with pulse and clover, and the whole scene was unchanged from that which met the eye of the Virgin Mother as she rested in the orchard-garden with the Holy Child upon her knee.

The journey up the Nile brought them face to face with the vanished civilisation and

history of ancient Egypt, and also with the life of the present-day fellahs. The irrigation problem, which England has since done so much to solve by the construction of the great dam at Assouan, was here presented to them. It is the difficulty of all sub-tropic countries, or of those which include waterless regions. The Princes had been made aware of it in China, they now met it in Egypt, and it is one of the tasks which occupy the attention of the Government in India. The construction of canals or dams and of railways go hand in hand for the relief of those peasant cultivators, who suffer from the curse of dry seasons and their attendant famines.

They went through Luxor and Karnak, and made a long halt at Thebes, where they found that vast city of the dead one of the most impressive places in all Egypt. Long ago, 2000 years B.C., an Egyptian sage wrote: "The heroes and kings, who were in the time of our ancestors before our days, rest in their tombs . . . they too who build palaces and they who have no houses, look, see, and behold what happeneth to them . . . their fenced walls are fallen down, their palaces are as if they had never been. No man cometh back from thence who telleth of their converse, or who bringeth word of how they fare, or who may encourage

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our hearts." The bodies of the dead were preserved so jealously from decay, just because they knew of no spiritual future, and had no lesson to learn of death but the dreary one of oblivion. And now can be seen day by day the desecration of the tombs and the sale of the dead for a few poor coins. The young writers record with some feeling that they saw two mummies drawn out of a broken tomb and thrown with a thud upon the sand.

The young Princes returned to Cairo after a fortnight of incessant sight-seeing, and had the somewhat amusing experience of being stuck on a sandbank for several hours. After having seen Cairo, they rejoined the *Bacchante* at Alexandria, so full of naval memories glorious for England, and then started for Joppa and the Holy Land.

If they had seen in Egypt many sites and scenes which recalled the Old Testament to them, here in Palestine they were yet more to live among all the undying memories of the Gospel story. Their first night was spent at Lydda, and from here Prince George was taken to visit the tomb of the patron saint of England; he introduces a careful description of it into the diary, and links it in thought with their own royal chapel at Windsor. On the journey they passed site after site alive

with holy memories, till at last from a steep hill near Gibeon they saw the thin, dark outline of Jerusalem. In that clear atmosphere they could distinguish the Mount of Olives, and got a foretaste of the wondrous scenes through which they were to go. Past them went a troop of Syrian pilgrims on their way to keep Easter in the Holy City, or a band of dark-faced peasants bound for a Mahomedan festival. All periods of history seemed to meet them as they went on, for the Crusades have left their mark on the land equally with the Scripture narrative. On Scopus they pitched their tents for the night before entering Jerusalem, and when one of the Princes opened his eyes at dawn, he gave his first thought to the absent ones, ere he visited in the flesh those sacred scenes about which he had learnt at his mother's knee. The little sparrows chirping, he said, made him think of home.

Then the brothers arose and went into the city and stood at the Holy Sepulchre, the centre of Christian love and reverence. They visited the other Holy Places, and spent Palm Sunday in Jerusalem, but by Easter Day had arrived at Jericho. The tour extended to other sacred spots—Nazareth, Cana of Galilee, the Lake of Gennesaret—and then they left

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the Holy Land and proceeded to Damascus. Here they met Abd-el-Kader, the last Sultan of Algeria, who made the final stand against the French when they were extending their rule over that province. In later years he did good service to the Christian inhabitants of Damascus by saving their lives in a tumult during which over two thousand people perished.

The party was not able to visit the famous cedars of Lebanon, as the time was growing short, and they were due to join their ship again by March 6. The itinerary had been so admirably drawn up and the travelling arrangements so excellent that they were never a day behind at any place, so that naval discipline and punctuality were still with them even on land. The Princes had thoroughly enjoyed their life in tents, and were as hard and strong as possible after it, but still they express their pleasure at the sensation of home-coming which they felt when once more on board.

They sailed past Cyprus and Crete and the "fair Attic shore," and stopped to visit the King of Greece and to see some of the wonders of Athens. On leaving Phalerum Roads the *Bacchante* and her consort fell in with the Mediterranean Fleet, so that a general feeling

of satisfaction pervaded the squadron at being once more in the regular order and routine. They began torpedo practice, and the midshipmen settled down to prepare for the usual half-yearly examination. It is recorded with pride that three of the "mids" all got their first-class in seamanship, and that of the young blue-jackets the larger portion were finally rated as A.B.'s.

Palermo and Valencia were touched at, and then the "Rock" uprose before the eyes of the homeward-bound. At this stage they heard the news of the bombardment of Alexandria, which seemed to bring the present vividly back to them after so many weeks spent amongst the historic fragments of the past.

By August 4 the *Bacchante* was nearly home. The grey seas washed her sides, and the land breeze spoke of English shores. Next day the *Osborne* joined them with all the Royal Family on board, and parents and sons were once more united after long absence. The voyage was over, the young Princes went with the Prince and Princess of Wales to Osborne House, Isle of Wight, where they were to spend a well-earned holiday, and the *Bacchante* was paid off at the end of August.

Prince George returned to his naval studies in due course, though after this long cruise he

had a break of six months, which were spent partly in Switzerland, partly in Germany. In the former place he devoted himself to the study of French, and became fluent in the language, as we may see by the speeches which he made to the French Canadians in later years. At Heidelberg he had a glimpse of University life, and made good progress in his knowledge of German. From this time forward the royal brothers were separated in their studies. Prince Albert Victor remained at home, whilst Prince George, in May 1883, was appointed to the *Canada*, which was then on the North American and West Indies station. He gained a first-class in seamanship, and in 1885 was made a lieutenant. His boyhood's days were over, and he was now devoting himself seriously to the profession which he intended to follow through all its stages, so as to serve his country as one of her naval sons. His ambition was to emulate heroes whose biographies had delighted his boyish days. To see the spots where Vernon and Anson, Howe, Rodney, and Nelson fought and conquered, building up their country's supremacy at sea, must kindle the imagination of any English lad, and Prince George was no exception. He rejoiced that he had an elder brother who could bear the burden of kingship and leave him free

to face the “battle and the breeze” as one of England’s admirals.

But a man’s fate does not lie wholly in his own hands. Prince George’s chosen profession made him what he was in training and in character, but eventually it was to qualify him for another post and other duties, till on the throne was to be seen once more a “Sailor King.”

CHAPTER IV

HEIR TO THE THRONE

"Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

—*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.

PRINCE GEORGE, still busy in the practice of his profession, passed the next three years of his life as lieutenant with various men-of-war belonging to the Mediterranean Fleet. He was successively in the *Thunderer*, the *Dreadnought*, and the *Alexandra*, his uncle's flagship, and in the manœuvres of 1889 he commanded Torpedo-boat No. 79.

In 1890 Prince George was given command of the gunboat *Thrush* on the North American and West Indies station, so that he became a well-known figure in those latitudes. He was all this time studying to make himself thoroughly efficient, and to become as whole-hearted a naval commander as any man who has no other future or position in life. He never wished to be given any favour

or let off any duty because he belonged to the ruling family of his country.

He was promoted to the rank of Commander in August 1891, and in the following year an event happened which altered the whole of his life.

The Duke of Clarence, for that was now the correct title of "Prince Eddy," had just become engaged to his cousin Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke of Teck, and the Christmas party at Sandringham in 1891 was a very cheerful one. But a shadow was soon to fall upon the happy gathering. It was noticed that the Duke of Clarence was hardly in such good spirits as the occasion warranted, and the depression proved the forerunner of a severe attack of influenza. As the month of January passed the anxiety deepened, and on the 14th all England heard with sorrowful sympathy that the eldest son and heir of the Prince of Wales was dead. The trial was all the more severe to the Prince and Princess because they had lately passed through a period of anxiety with regard to Prince George, who had just recovered from a long and serious attack of enteric fever, and now their eldest-born was taken away.

The death of his brother brought Prince

George into a more prominent place, for he now stood in direct line to the throne, and his naval duties could no longer be his only care. A new outlook, and one might almost say a new training, lay before him. At the same time he did not immediately give up all active work in his old profession, where after all he had acquired his first knowledge of ruling men and his first experience of the Empire which he would probably one day inherit.

In 1893 he took his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of York, by which name he was henceforth to be known, and in the same year took command of the *Melampus* for the naval manœuvres of that summer.

The Duke now occupied the place of Heir Presumptive to the English throne, and he was in his thirtieth year. The question of his marriage began, therefore, to occupy his parents' mind. His brother's death had altered circumstances, so that even his bride must be different from the one he might have chosen in days when he was further from the throne, but he had not shown a preference for any eligible foreign princess.

In the hearts of his people the wish was still latent that an English-born Queen might sit

upon the throne beside their future Sailor King. They were attracted towards the one who had grown up among them, and who was the daughter of the immensely popular Duchess of Teck. Her engagement with the late Duke of Clarence had been so short that it hardly seemed to count, when time had somewhat softened the blow inflicted by his death. Finally it was decided that a marriage should be arranged between her and the Heir Presumptive, and the engagement was announced in May 1893.

On July 6 of that year the marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James', the ceremony being performed by Archbishop Benson. Queen Victoria was present at the wedding, and was one of the most inspiring figures there. The words of an onlooker did but voice the thoughts of all, "I would not have missed the sight of her for the world!"

From this time forward the Royal pair had to fulfil many of the duties which now fall upon princes in their exalted station. This includes paying state visits, and opening institutions, and laying foundation-stones.

We find them at Edinburgh in 1893, where the Duke received the freedom of the city; at York, taking part in similar ceremonies; and

at Poplar, laying the foundation-stone of a Seaman's Home.

In 1894, on June 23, a son and heir was born at White Lodge, Richmond, and here begins that united family life which is such a marked feature in the history of our present King and Queen.

This first-born son received the names of Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, and although in the home circle he was for long called by the last name, to his future subjects he was soon known, by the force of events, as Prince Edward of Wales. Other children followed at intervals, until the Empire has now the pleasure of seeing five sons and one daughter standing beside their royal parents.

So the round of public and private life went on. There were changes in the Royal Family, such as the marriage of the Duke's sister, Princess Maud of Wales, to Prince Charles of Denmark, who later became King of Norway; and there were official visits, such as an interesting tour in Ireland. The death of the Duchess of Teck marked the autumn of 1898, and brought a time of mourning and sorrow upon many who had loved her.

The Duke of York had not altogether abandoned the service in which he had received his training, and in this same year of

1898 he hoisted his pennant on board the *Crescent*, attached to the Channel Squadron.

On January 1, 1901, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and was made Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marine Forces.

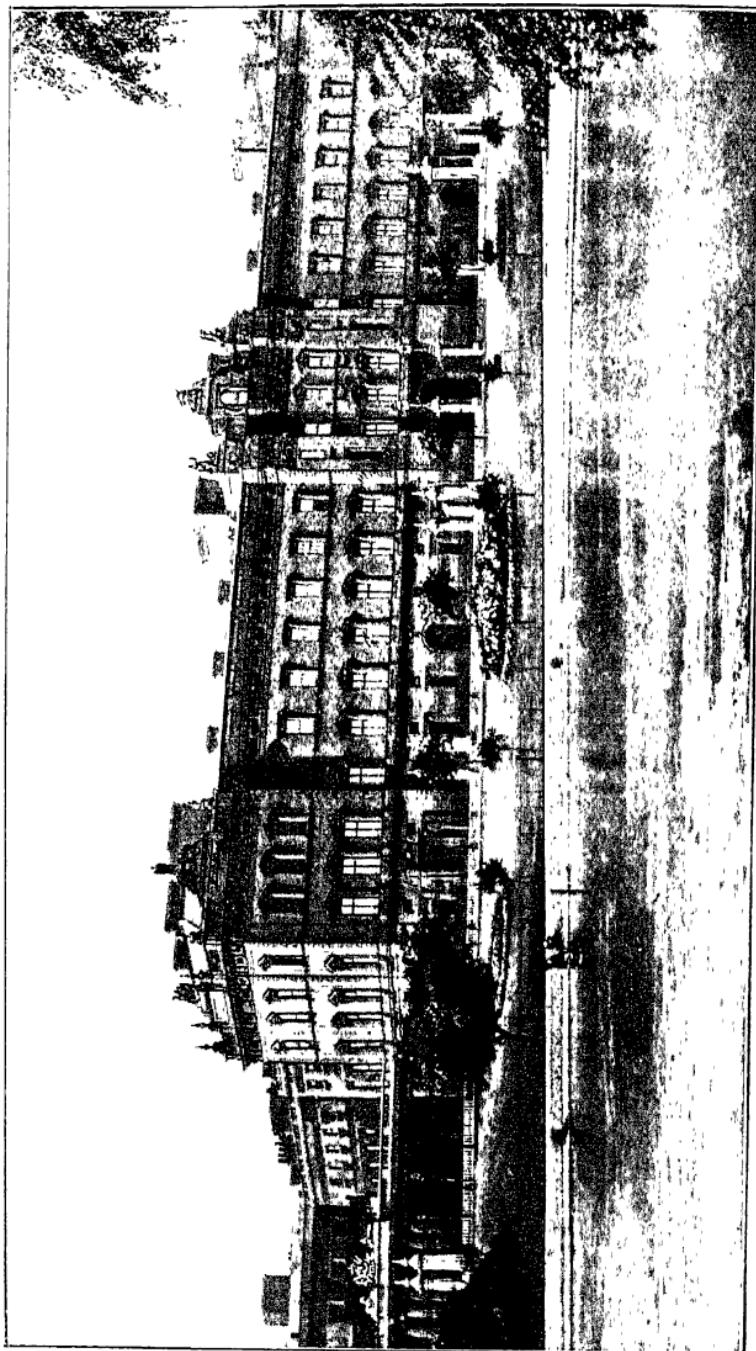
This was the year of the death of Queen Victoria (January 22, 1901). By this event the Empire was affected as it had never been before. So long a reign, so good a ruler! It seemed as a spell which could not be broken. No one who had witnessed it could ever forget the funeral of the great Queen. First there was the passage from her island home between the mighty ships of war, the floating ramparts of her million subjects. Then the transit across her mourning capital; through silent streets, between bare trees, under pale February skies, passed the laden gun-carriage, on which, beneath the Union Jack, lay the first of the Victorian race.

Queen Victoria was dead, and Edward VII. reigned in her stead. The rulers change, but the burden of Empire is never lightened. Each sovereign steps in and takes his place as the one before him passes away. So King Edward succeeded to the responsibilities which he had long shared, and in his turn, too, the Duke of York stood helpful at his father's side.

46 GEORGE V. KING AND EMPEROR

It had already been decided that he should visit the Australian Colonies, and as this decision was adhered to, the Duke left England in the *Ophir*. During his absence he was made Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester on November 9, 1901.

PART II
THE GIRDLE OF EMPIRE



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

CHAPTER V

TO THE ANTIPODES

“Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.”

—*Richard III.* i. 1.

1900.—With the new century came movements within the Empire which, proofs as they were of its life and reality, required recognition in one form or another. One of these developments was the loyal support given by all her colonies to the mother country at the time of the Boer War. It was not the first time that Canada had sent help. In those breathless days when Englishmen were straining every nerve to reach Khartoum and save General Gordon from the might of the Mahdi, a Canadian contingent faced the cataracts of the Nile and did gallant service in what proved to be an impossible enterprise.

But the armed contingents sent from the most remote corners of the Empire—not only from the great governments of Canada or

Australia, but from far New Zealand, from the island homes of Ceylon, Tasmania, or Singapore—were a new thing in modern history. We must go back to the days of Roman rule to find so many countries under one flag and fighting as one nation.

This great outburst of loyalty required recognition and encouragement. Royal messages of acknowledgment can do much, but the personal thanks of the ruler or his direct representatives are of much greater force.

This desire to meet the “sons of the Empire” was one motive for an extended colonial tour. But there was a second one, which arose from a new departure in Australian government. The separate colonies of this great continent, together with Tasmania, had at last agreed upon a scheme by which they should be united into one federated whole. Finally it was proclaimed that on January 1, 1901, “the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and Western Australia shall be united in a Federal Commonwealth under the name of the Commonwealth of Australia.”

The delegates who came to England on the occasion of this proclamation expressed a strong wish that some member of the Royal Family, and for preference the Duke of York,

should represent the Queen in the colonies at the first opening of the Federal Parliament. No one felt more strongly than the Duke himself the importance of such a proposal. The colonies were strengthening their own home tie, and this was the moment to show sympathies with their aspirations, and bind them as one Commonwealth more closely to the mother country by the cords of race affinity.

The real desire of both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to take this opportunity for a Royal visit becomes more apparent when we remember that it entailed some sacrifice.

The aged Queen Victoria, bowed with the weight of years, stricken by losses in her family circle and by external troubles—notably by the strain of the reverses in the Boer War—could not part without pain from one of the few near relations who helped to bear the burden of Empire. Yet if the proposed visit was to attain its object, it must be paid by some one in direct succession to the throne, in spite of risks from the accidents of travel or the attempts of anarchists. When her Majesty was approached on the question she appreciated the wisdom of the proposed step, and, strongly as she felt the ties of family

affection, yet she did not hesitate to set aside personal feeling in her subjects' interest. Thus it was decided that the Duke of York should be commissioned to open the first session of the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth in the name of Queen Victoria.

Her Majesty, in a message to the colonies announcing the decision, stated that she wished "to give this special proof of her interest in all that concerns the welfare of her Australian subjects," and also "to signify her sense of the loyalty and devotion which prompted the spontaneous aid so liberally offered by all the colonies in the South African War and of the splendid gallantry of her colonial troops."

The extension of the tour to New Zealand and finally to Canada was arranged, and the ship was chosen and the suite appointed, when an event happened which seemed likely to stop the expedition.

Already the depression attendant on the troubles of the Boer War had affected Queen Victoria's health. Those around her had seen cause for anxiety, while as yet the outside world knew nothing of their beloved ruler's failing powers. At last, early in 1901, her serious illness was announced, and after a time of suspense, with its alternating hopes and

fears, the tidings went forth that the great Queen-Empress was dead.

Under her sixty years of rule the British Empire had grown up. The colonies had attained to self-realisation under her alone, and India had acknowledged her sway with an Imperial crown. In that sense she truly started a dynasty. The century in which she lived was known to all British subjects as the "Great Victorian Age," and with its close she had passed away. Modern life had formed itself during her long reign, and modern means of communication had made her rule a reality. Most of her living subjects could remember no other monarch, and their loyalty had a peculiarly chivalrous tinge, when strong men paid cheerful homage to their widowed Queen. The relation between ruler and ruled was a unique one, tender and yet strong, close-knit yet amply free and instinct with the moral power that comes from high ideals. A worthy sovereign over many races, she was served with the fervent devotion of sons, not slaves.

At last the time had come when the Empire was to pass under another ruler, one not less gifted in statecraft than his great mother whom he had succeeded. Edward VII. mounted the throne, and his son, the Duke of York, became the next heir. At this time

of mourning and of increased responsibility it became a question whether he could be spared for the contemplated colonial mission, and also whether it was a fitting time to undertake it. It was finally decided that the wishes of her late Majesty should still prevail, and the King announced his decision when he opened Parliament, concluding with the following words: "A separation from my son, especially at such a moment, cannot be otherwise than deeply painful, but I desire to give effect to her late Majesty's wishes; and as an evidence of her interest, as well as my own, in all that concerns the welfare of my subjects beyond the seas, I have decided that the visit to Australia shall not be abandoned, and shall be extended to New Zealand and the Dominion of Canada."

1901.—The *Ophir* was now prepared to take the Royal pair. She was manned with a crew borrowed from the Royal Navy under the command of Commodore A. L. Winsloe, R.N., and all arrangements being completed, a start was made on Saturday, March 16. It was not without emotion that the Duke took leave of his Royal father on this momentous occasion. Though the parting was public and the speeches necessarily formal, there was a

ring of true feeling as he replied to the King's words wishing him "God-speed." "We thank your Majesty," he said, "for the kind and affectionate terms you have used in bidding us farewell. Your children naturally feel most deeply leaving you and my dear mother, but at the same time we feel very proud that you should have deputed us to represent you on such an important occasion." This simple yet manly acknowledgment of the duty he had undertaken marks his attitude during the whole of his progress. Imperial responsibility was the keynote of his mission.

With a halt at Gibraltar and Malta the Royal party arrived at Aden, and thus touched at Indian territory, for this town forms part of the Presidency of Bombay in spite of the leagues of sea which separate it from its administrators. The address to the Duke was presented by Mr. H. C. Dinshaw, a Parsi gentleman, whose father had performed the same office in 1875 when the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) was on his way to India. The Bombay Infantry, who formed part of the Duke's escort, also emphasised the fact that he was on Indian ground. Aden was acquired when the Red Sea route to India was coming into favour, and with the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 its

importance was assured. It is now strongly fortified, and a British Protectorate is established over the neighbouring country of Somaliland, in order to ensure supplies of food in time of war if it were invested by sea.

From Aden to Colombo was the next stage of the journey, and in six days the beautiful island of Ceylon, the chief of the Crown Colonies, began to show upon the horizon, and soon the Duke was receiving the homage of his Singhalese subjects. For the second time he heard the loyal words of welcome, and saw the beautiful scenery and the many races of his island dependency.

In his reply to their addresses the Duke referred to his boyhood's visit of nineteen years before, and thanked them for their consistent loyalty, and for "that spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which gave the flower of their manhood to defend the Empire's cause in South Africa." "It is," he added, "this readiness to share in the common burden which forges the links in the chain which, it is hoped, may ever unite the countries of his Majesty's dominions." In addition, the Duke pointed out to the Chambers of Commerce that they were "the eyes and ears of our commercial system," and that on their experience and advice depended the prosperity of our trade.

After an exchange of courtesies with the Mudaliyahs or local officials of the low country, the Duke proceeded to the Kandyan province, up amongst the mountains. Here he met the famous chiefs of these highland regions, and witnessed the famous Perahara procession.

Not the least striking part of this old-time spectacle was the advance of the magnificent temple-elephants. In solid, orderly array they passed before the Royal spectators, and each one saluted with the tip of the trunk brought up to the forehead, and then added the extra homage of a bended knee. The stately salaams of the elephants and their attendants were contrasted with the wild onset of bands of shrieking devil-dancers, and the whole procession represented a supreme effort to surpass all former shows. In its religious aspect the Perahara was originally an ancient Hindu rite, but in comparatively recent times a Kandyan king adapted it to the Buddhist worship, and it became a triumphal procession in honour of that most valued of their relics, the Holy Tooth of Buddha. On this occasion, as the show was arranged merely as a spectacle in honour of royalty, the principal feature was absent, but the relic was subsequently seen by the Duke and Duchess when they visited the Chamber of the Tooth in the temple attached to the

palace of the old Kandyan kings. A presentation of colours to the Planters' Rifle Corps, whose patriotism had contributed such a fine body of men for service in South Africa, was one of the principal features of the Duke's visit to Ceylon. Another was the Durbar, in which the chiefs swore allegiance to their Prince.

The Duke concluded his visit to Ceylon by an act of clemency. Arabi Pasha, who was exiled to this island on the failure of the Cairo revolt in 1881, was presented to his Royal Highness. Twenty years had passed away, and Egypt had been too long under British protection to fear her old opponent. Moreover, Arabi was a lonely and stricken man—his family gone, and his companions in exile dead. When he presented his petition for some remission of his sentence the Duke looked kindly upon the banished man, and promised to support his request. In due course a pardon was granted him, and the Khedive allowed him to return to his native land.

And now the shadow of Adam's Peak was left behind, and the *Ophir* steered eastward for Singapore, and arrived there on April 1. Here the Duke received the four Sultans from the southern states of the Malay peninsula and the Sultan of Johore, lord of an independent state under British protection. From

many points of view this must have been an interesting visit, for our possessions in the Malay peninsula are a proof of the vitality of the Empire and that its expansion is not yet at an end. A few decades ago we had one or two trading stations on the coast of an unexplored tract of land, with a barbarous people at our back. Those who passed outside the British lines incurred dangers which even their missionaries did not care to face. A marshy, malarious land, inhabited by treacherous predatory tribes, offered no invitation to the peaceful settler. Yet the English officer faced the task, since such a state of things was a constant menace to our trading stations. By a thorough knowledge of Malay language and customs, and by most patient tact, one Sultan after another was persuaded to accept a Resident. In the case of Perak, this official, Mr. Birch, was assassinated, but a punitive expedition convinced the Malay once for all, that behind the pacific methods lay the strength and the power to repay injuries. At last, in 1896, the various states formed a Federation, with an English Resident-General, and so obtain uniformity of administration and law, with a force of Indian troops for common service in the federated states. As Sir Frank Swettenham, the Resident-General, and other responsible officials

were at Singapore to greet their rulers, the Duke was able to hear, from the "Empire-builders" themselves, how the results had been achieved, and to study on the spot some of the problems of Imperial expansion.

This section of the tour ended on a lighter note with the traditional ceremonies attendant upon "crossing the line." A hint of what was to be expected had already been given on board the *Ophir* soon after leaving Colombo, when "Mr. and Mrs. Neptune" had asked permission to visit the vessel and her escort in order to carry out "the ancient custom of the service . . . for the entertainment and amusement of the ships' companies."

On arriving at the equator, the bluejackets prepared for their customary sport. "King Neptune" arrived with his usual retinue and armed with a cup of his native element, and having received a gracious permission from the Duchess of York, he made her a "Lady of the Sea" by touching her forehead with the salt water. The fun became more boisterous when the stronger sex came to receive the rite of initiation. The Duke, who from his sailor training could enter with zest into the sports of his loyal Jack Tars, set an example by submitting to the "shave" and the sea-water dip with hearty goodwill. The other denizens

of the ship could not do less, and even the timid ones, who had hidden in their cabins, were hunted out and ducked in the huge canvas bath. Our future king showed then that he can enter into the life of his subjects in all moods both grave and gay, and that amid the care of government he does not lose sympathy with those who help him to bear the burden of Empire—his free and loyal people, each man doing faithfully his duty to his king and country.

CHAPTER VI

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION

"A Continent for a nation, a nation for a Continent."

ON Monday, May 6, the *Ophir*, escorted by her two cruisers, sailed up Port Melbourne, and the Royal party landed at the capital of Victoria. An enormous crowd had assembled to greet the son of their beloved King, and there was also great eagerness to behold the Duchess. At the levée held next morning the Duke shook hands with nearly four thousand persons, so anxious was he to give a personal greeting to as many as possible of his loyal people over the sea.

Then on the 9th came the ceremony which was one of the main causes of the Duke's presence on Australian soil—the opening of the new Federation Parliament.

Men from all parts of the Commonwealth packed the Exhibition Building, in which the proceedings began. The proclamation calling the Parliament together was given out, and then the Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun,

read the prayers. This over, the Duke, standing with covered head, delivered in the King's name one of those terse, well-considered speeches for which he is justly famed. In well-chosen words he acknowledged the generous aid given by the colonists in the South African War, also the readiness with which they placed the ships of the special Australasian Squadron at his disposal for service in China. With the sure eye of a naval man he recognised the valuable assistance rendered by these contingents in Chinese waters. The Duke further expressed, in his august father's name, an assurance that the wider powers of a united Commonwealth would only enhance their loyalty and devotion to the throne. "It is his Majesty's earnest prayer," he concluded, "that this union so happily achieved may, under God's blessing, prove an instrument for still further promoting the welfare and advancement of his subjects in Australia, and for the strengthening and consolidation of his Empire."

In close connection with the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament, though not on the same day, came the official hoisting of the Union Jack. At a signal given by the Duchess of York the flag was hoisted simultaneously in all parts of the Australian Fede-

ration, and even in far Fiji. Coupled with the ceremony was a distribution of prizes by the Duke, who addressed the students in earnest, straightforward words which they are not likely to forget. The advice he offered embodied the principles upon which he has always acted. "Be thorough," he said, "do your level best in whatever work you may be called upon to perform. Remember that we are all fellow-subjects of the British crown. Be loyal, yes, to your parents, your country, your King, and your God." Certainly, in the review of the troops on the Flemmington Racecourse, the youths of Australia already showed that they had the motto of "thorough" in their hearts, for the march past of the cadets was one of the striking features in a great display of all arms.

The specific business for which he had come to Australia being now over, the Duke paid a visit successively to the capitals of Queensland and New South Wales. True to his intention of seeing whenever possible some features of the aboriginal life of the countries now peopled by British colonists, the Duke assisted while in Brisbane at a "corroboree," or representation of native warfare. It was all the more interesting from the fact that the Australian native is fast losing his skill in

boomerang and spear throwing, now that he has no longer any need for it. Not the least curious part of the spectacle was to see these half-clad natives seated on the grass after the show, whilst the Governor's footmen, in full dress, gravely offered them refreshments, preserving meanwhile all the dignity of the dominant race.

But there were two other sights for the Duke to see here as in the other Australian cities—the children, future citizens of the Empire, and the men who had been soldiers of the Empire. The displays by the school children were always most carefully followed by the Royal visitors, who gave every opportunity to the youth of Australia for seeing their future King and Queen and for exhibiting their skill.

The review of the Queensland troops was also a very gratifying spectacle for the Duke from the point of view both of smartness and efficiency, and at the conclusion of the proceedings he distributed the war-medals to those who had returned from active service.

At Sydney their Royal Highnesses made a further acquaintance with Australian school children and Australian troops, the New South Wales Lancers making a gallant show, and eliciting from the Duke congratulations on

the excellent manner in which the march past was carried out. Memories of his former visit to the city came into his mind as he opened a new wing to the Prince Alfred Hospital, and after speaking of the late Queen, and of the "sympathy with suffering" which "was an all-pervading element in the noble and beautiful character of her who was your first patron," he went on to say: "Another personal connection exists also in the fact that twenty years ago my dear brother and I visited the hospital, then unopened."

Besides the official ceremonies and receptions at the leading cities of the Federation, the Duke also visited Ballarat, as representative of the mining interest of the continent, and whilst in Queensland stopped to inspect a typical up-country station. Here he witnessed the operation known as "cutting out" stock, and selected the black cattle, which were the smaller number, to be separated from the rest. To complete the experience, the "billy" was boiled and the "damper" prepared upon a fire kindled in the open, so that the stockman's food should be tasted in its appropriate surroundings. So the life of the bush was in some measure shown to the Duke and Duchess, in order that they could realise how those who tended the true wealth of the

southern continent passed their days. They saw a typical flock of many hundred sheep, whose passing made a sound like heavy thunder-rain as the soft soil broke beneath their feet; they saw the hardy boundary-riders shepherding them as they flowed on torrent-wise, and the paddocks, large as counties, in which they pastured. It was an object-lesson as to one of the great resources of the Empire.

Nor was some recreation omitted in the midst of this tale of strenuous days. The Duke, whose reputation as a shot is well known, had one day set apart that he might see what sport Australia can afford and compare it with his youthful experiences. Big game, such as kangaroo and wallaby, are scarcely to be found now except in distant stations, so quail and hare formed the staple of the "bag," but the shooting was a pleasant interlude, and gave His Royal Highness some relaxation at his favourite sport.

The net gain of this Royal visit to the Australian colonies is best summed up from their own words. "We are all Imperialists now," says one of their organs, "in the sense that every one recognises how closely the Empire hangs together, and how any one part shares the fortunes of the whole. The visible work of nationhood, after all, is that line of fighting

men . . . which, whether standing on parade at the Centennial Park, or deploying in skirmishing order on the open veldt, is always the advance guard of the English ‘far-flung battle line.’” So sang the children, too, in their “Ode of Welcome” :

“ Ye have fought for the Empire,
Have mingled your blood with the best. . . .”

And :

“ We are flesh of the British,
And bone of the British bone ! ”

Whilst this spirit prevails, and we see no cause to doubt its permanence, the statement holds good that no Cæsar, no Alexander of old, no Czar, no American President of to-day can hope for an empire so wide extended as that over which George V. has sway.

CHAPTER VII

NEW ZEALAND

"O ye Arawa, ye Arawa !
Here come the illustrious ones,
Sent hither from Heavenward."

—*Maori Song.*

FROM Australia the *Ophir* sailed to New Zealand, an island colony famous both for its beauty and its climate, and on the 4th of June she entered Auckland harbour. Mr. Seddon, the Premier, read an address of welcome, and in return the Duke of York replied by an eulogy on the services rendered to the Imperial Government in the South African struggle, and on their admirable management of the native problem at home. He recognised that the contentment of the Maoris has been secured by wise and sympathetic management. In reply, the Mayor stated that: "To-day Maori and Briton are united in the bonds of peace, enjoy equal rights, and vie with each other in loyalty to the British Throne and Constitution." A proclamation was then read announcing that henceforth the

Cook Islands would form part of the Commonwealth of New Zealand. After this came the same exhibitions of loyalty and joy as those which had already marked the Royal progress. The children demonstrated before their future sovereign, the veterans marched past, the troops were inspected, the Ode of Welcome was sung. The press admitted, "It is through the Crown that our untrammelled liberties have been possible without disruption," and this was the key to the universal rejoicing; it was the ovation of a free people, proud to help "guard the long frontier" within which reigns the *Pax Britannica*.

Once in New Zealand, the Duke could not do otherwise than visit the home of his Maori subjects, who have shown such aptitude in assimilating the civilisation of their masters. The road lay through the Waikato district, where the last stand was made by the natives against their conquerors, to Rotorua, now the centre of a peaceful district. Here more than six thousand Maoris had assembled from all quarters, headed by the Arawas, who were amongst the first to rally to the English flag. These New Zealand natives are one of the few coloured races that have benefited by English example. They remain a race of strong,

well-made men and pleasant-faced women. European dress suits them, and civilised habits also sit easily upon them. They returned to their native war-paint simply as an "object-lesson," and the Duke, as a compliment, adopted the chief's emblem of two white-tipped "huia" feathers placed in his hat. The Duchess also adorned her hair with the same plumes, and hung a "kiwi" mantle on her shoulders.

It was a striking show to see these mighty warriors, singing of the loss of the "Great White Queen," then advancing and retiring in a fierce war-dance, while the ground shook with the tramp of four thousand men.

From Rotorua the party went on to Wellington, on the northern shore of the strait, and received a warm welcome. The fine city, clinging on to the steep, encircling hills, was all alive with bunting and triumphal arches. One of these, decorated with large lumps of coal, bore an inscription, "The coal that saved the *Calliope*," and thus recalled the hurricane at Samoa some years before, during which H.M.S. *Calliope* saved herself by steaming out to sea. A decoration which thus recalled a plucky act of an English ship would be sure to appeal to our Sailor Prince. In one of his speeches made at Wellington the

Duke expressed special pleasure in meeting eighty-two survivors of the first pioneers, and observed that to their pluck and perseverance may be attributed the present flourishing state of the colony. He also did not fail to notice the success they had had in reconciling the original inhabitants to their rule.

When all the functions were over the *Ophir* passed on to Lyttelton, the port of Christchurch, on the Middle Island. Far behind this city stretch the vast Canterbury Plains, some of the finest grazing land in the world, and which produce the famous New Zealand mutton and lamb. It was Canterbury that led the way in raising volunteers for the war, and met the expenses entirely by public subscription. Therefore the Duke was delighted to lay a foundation-stone of a monument to their memory and to that of the early pioneers, the "Canterbury pilgrims."

There was one more visit to pay before turning back, and that was to Dunedin, "the new Edinburgh of the Southern Seas." The city, as its name betrays, was chiefly founded by Scotchmen and staunch supporters of the Free Kirk; but when, in 1861, gold was discovered, an incursion of diggers took place, and the Scotch monopoly was broken down. A Catholic cathedral stands on the finest site

of Dunedin, where once the followers of Knox held exclusive domination.

Lyttelton was touched at once more, and then the Royal party said good-bye to the Premier, Mr. Seddon, and to the other officials who had done so much to make the tour a success. Then the *Ophir* proceeded up Cook's Strait, and Cape Farewell sent after them the last greetings of the fair land, at whose portals it stands sentry.

The whole visit had been of the fairest augury. The most democratic of the colonies in the new world had given the Princes of the old a right royal welcome. It seemed as if this visit had awokened people to a sense of what a monarchy really means in these days when a sovereign strives to live for his people. A vague abstraction had taken on a definite shape and appearance when at last their Prince had come among them. The cheers meant more than the flashy enthusiasm of a moment's excitement. A democracy had accepted its historic past, and the bands of imperial union were strengthened for many years to come.

CHAPTER VIII

TO THE WEST

“There is a lady sweet and kind
Whose winsome face so pleased our mind,
We did but see her passing by,
Yet we shall love her till we die.”

—HERRICK.

WHEN it was finally decided that Canada should be included in the Royal tour, there was some hesitation as to the route to be followed. From New Zealand to the Dominion the most direct course was by the Pacific to Vancouver. But this would have necessitated leaving the *Ophir* on the Western Pacific coast, with the added inconvenience of taking a different vessel for the homeward journey across the Atlantic. Finally it was arranged that the royal vessel with its attendant cruisers should turn back after the New Zealand visit, and proceed *via* the Mauritius and the Cape to Quebec.

This had the further advantage of permitting a halt to be made at Tasmania and the remaining Australian states. On arriving

at the island state of the Commonwealth, the usual welcome awaited the Duke. One of the decorative arches bore witness to the fact that Tasmania is fitly known as "Appleland," and caused some distraction among the smaller spectators who were waiting to cheer their Prince, though all were united in their keen desire to do honour to their Royal visitors.

One of the Duke's tasks was to lay the foundation-stone of a memorial to those who had fallen in the war, and with that ready tact and memory that distinguished all his utterances, he did not omit to mention, that the first two Victoria Crosses bestowed upon the Colonial troops during the campaign fell to the share of the brave Tasmanian contingent.

From Hobart the *Ophir* proceeded to Adelaide by the western shore of the island. Here the channels, bays and islets, by the French names they bear, show how near a race we had with France for the possession of our over-seas dominion in all parts of the world, a fact which is well known when we come to deal with India or Canada.

In the capital of South Australia the Duke was again able to refer to his previous visit of twenty years before. He had found in his diary an entry to the effect that as far back

as the Transvaal war the men of Adelaide had volunteered for active service there, and so showed themselves ready to "share the burden of citizenship."

The students paid the Duchess of York a special and appropriate compliment in adapting Herrick's lovely lyric, "There is a lady sweet and kind," to celebrate her presence among them.

South Australia holds in veneration the name of H.M.S. *Buffalo*, from which the first emigrants landed in 1836 and proclaimed the country a British province. His Royal Highness reminded them, however, that the first emigrant ship that actually reached the new colony, anchoring off Kangaroo Island, was one bearing his own name, *The Duke of York*.

Then amid the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" the parting words were said, and the *Ophir* sailed on across the troubled waters of the Great Australian Bight.

The roughness of the sea caused a change of programme, Commodore Winsloe thinking it wiser to put back into Albany, rather than run the risk of failing to enter Fremantle in a north-west gale. From Albany, after a quiet twenty-four hours' rest, the illustrious visitors went by train to Perth, a long day's journey through monotonous, yellow plains.

Western Australia, owing to the discovery of gold, has sprung into importance, and the country is changing enormously. This change was already apparent at the date of the Duke's visit, and in the decade which has elapsed since then the colony has become one of the most promising for the intending emigrant.

The Coolgardie goldfields, situated in a rainless country, would be almost unworkable were it not for the great reservoir constructed under the auspices of Sir John Forrest. And this is only one example out of many enterprises having for their end the irrigation and development of the land. Amongst other devices for opening up the waterless areas is the formation of a body of Afghan camel-drivers, who seem quite at home in the desert regions. They formed a picturesque feature in the procession which passed before the Duke on the day of his public appearance in Perth, though the honours of the display lay with the Chinamen, who made a brave show with banners, richly-dressed children, and the customary gigantic, and in this case playful, dragon.

That the laying of foundation-stones and unveiling memorials in honour of the Colonial contingents was a labour of love to His Royal

Highness is shown by the aspiration he uttered, as he paid tribute to the "hard-riding, straight-shooting sons of Australia and New Zealand." "I should like," he said, "to see throughout the land memorials, no matter how humble in design, . . . as emblems of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and brotherhood, round which in the hour of danger the youth and manhood of succeeding generations might rally in the resolve to follow the noble example of those who have given their all, their lives for King and country."

These earnest words were the keynote of the speaker's utterances and thoughts throughout the tour, and in a letter to Lord Hopetoun, written on the eve of his departure, the Duke further summed up the impressions received during his visit. He alluded to the pleasure and interest he had felt in the execution of the duties entrusted to him by his Royal father. In the opening of the first Federal Parliament he had assisted at a new political birth, and in the different states he had reviewed upwards of 25,000 troops. He felt convinced that great benefit to this splendid fighting material would accrue from its being brought under one central administration.

The resources of peace, too, came under his

observant eye. He experienced in his own person the excellent travelling arrangements, and he noted the marked tact and ability of the police force in the execution of their duties. The post and telegraph departments also stood without failing the strain put upon their resources and the dislocation of their ordinary business. When it came to the youth of the nation the Duke was especially interested in the cadet corps, and noted their smart, soldier-like bearing. He gave weight to the educative side of the training as inculcating discipline, and leading to that *esprit de corps* which is so valuable an asset in the formation of national character. The education placed within the reach of all, he admired as sound and practical, and the physical training, as shown in the displays of the school children, also received the praise it deserved.

Such a personal experience of the land he now rules over cannot but be of value to a monarch so anxious to understand and help his people as King George.

The Australian coast sank below the horizon, and the *Ophir* sailed on, until on Sunday, August the 4th, the mountainous outline of Mauritius loomed before the travellers' eyes.

A strange medley of nationalities assembled in the streets of Port Louis, the capital, to meet the Duke and Duchess. English and French and Portuguese were to be expected, but besides the Europeans, there were Negroes and Arabs from Africa, Tamils from Southern India, the ubiquitous Chinese, and every shade of half-caste from the mulatto to the creole. The blending of the races, which is taking place, has been attributed to the action of the French clergy, who by converting and educating the heathen have broken down the barriers of ignorance and prejudice, and are doing their best to bring order into what has been described as an "ethnological chaos."

After the usual reception ceremonies the Duke had a day set aside for some deer-stalking, which is one of the sports of the island. An inspection of the sugar plantations and the crushing-mills concluded the visit to Mauritius.

Next came Natal and the shadow of the war. At Maritzburg Lord Kitchener came by special train to Pretoria to greet the Royal party. The opening of the Town Hall by the Duke, and the unveiling of a monument to the Natal volunteers who fell in action, made the official programme, but there were features that distinguished it from other incidents of the same

kind. The leading men had felt the stress of war ; they had come from places whose names had been in the mouth of every Englishman for week after week. There were the Mayor and other officials from Ladysmith ; there was Major Clarke of the Natal Mounted Police, who fought the Boers at Cæsar's Camp at the outbreak of hostilities, with other men of distinguished service. As the packed mass of men and women stood and sang "God save the King" at the entrance of their Prince, both they and he knew that the same voices had sung it with loyal devotion in the face of danger and of death. In his address the Duke made a special allusion to Ladysmith, and to the way in which the city, with dogged resolve, kept the flag flying while the outside world looked on in breathless suspense. The people of Natal, too, had made noble efforts in defence of the Empire, and their blood had not been shed in vain. A common danger and a common sacrifice had bound them all in one.

The men who took part in the afternoon review had come straight from the scene of war, and the traces of active service were unmistakable. Besides Lord Kitchener there were several well-known officers standing by the Duke as he distributed the Victoria Crosses and other orders.

After Natal came Cape Town, where the addresses were cordial, though the Dutch kept aloof from the official reception. The Duke held a durbar for the Basuto chiefs, who had submitted to England in the 'eighties. They were eager to take the field against the Boers, but it was not judged wise to use their services against white men in a land where the savage races are in a majority. When all was over the *Ophir* put to sea again, and, except for a short stop at the Cape Verd Islands, made straight across the Atlantic. One more stage was accomplished, and now fresh faces and new experiences awaited the travellers in the great Canadian Dominion.

CHAPTER IX

CANADA

“Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rock and forest quiver :
God save our King, and heaven bless
The Maple leaf for ever.”

FROM the clear Australian skies to the fog-wreaths of Cape Breton ! From the sad-leafed eucalyptus of the south to the maple-flame of the north ! The westward voyage is at an end, and Quebec awaits her sovereign’s son. It is hard to name the ancient capital of Canada without a thrill as memories of glorious days of old pass through the mind :

“In days of yore from Britain’s shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,”

runs the national song, and these are not days in which we forget the Empire-builders. On the city heights two nations fought for half a continent, and now that the strife is long over, those two nations furnish the two races in whose union and mutual goodwill lies the future of Canada.

Then there is a third element of interest for all those who care for the history of the Dominion. Who does not remember the tales of Indian tribes, of Mohawks and Iroquois, of Sioux and Blackfeet, and of trader and trapper in those prairies stretching wide towards the sun setting? These divers elements were apparent as soon as the reception ceremonies began. Mr. Parent, the Mayor, read his address in both languages, and the chief of the Hurons, now settled near Quebec, came next after the Mayor to present the greeting of his tribe to the Prince. He wore his tribal garb of blanket and moccasins, but his address was in French. The same tongue is heard everywhere throughout the province of Quebec, and yet the people are firm in their allegiance to British rule, for the race is of the soil, a blend of the nations who once fought for supremacy. One of the sources of their loyalty was given in the address read by the Catholic Archbishop of Quebec when the Duke visited the Laval University. It ran as follows:—

“The history of our country proves that to the Catholic Church belongs the honour of having forged between the English throne and the French-Canadian people solid bonds which neither adversity nor bribery could sever. Force of arms conquered the land and the body was subdued. But to master the soul; to make mind and heart obey respectfully and faithfully; to cause the vigorous

plant of unswerving loyalty to the new domination to spring forth from the memories of a beloved and unforget-
gotten past—all these needed nothing less than the gentle
and powerful authority of the Church. . . . We are watch-
ful guardians of that Catholic Faith ; over these Canadian
Catholics, so loyal to the British Crown, we extend our
pastoral care. That Faith inspires us, and in the name of
that people we come to-day to lay at the feet of your
Royal Highness the homage of our faithful attachment to
the illustrious family which you so worthily represent.”

The same sentiments were expressed by the Rector, speaking on behalf of the University. “ Their adherence to the Faith of their fore-fathers,” he said, “ the preservation of the language of the old régime, and the lessons inculcated in this institute, do not render them less loyal subjects of their king . . . they are proud to live under the flag of an Empire whose dominions embrace one-fifth of the habitable portion of the globe.”

The words spoken on this occasion are as true now as they were then. The Eucharistic Congress of 1910, to which Catholics rallied from all parts of the world, brought out the strength of that Faith in the French-Canadian part of the Dominion. And their loyalty to the sovereign is also beyond doubt, as may be seen by their heartfelt sorrow at the death of King Edward.

The Duke made a fine acknowledgment of

the “noble part which the Catholic Church in Canada has played throughout its history,” and he spoke of “the hallowed memories of its martyred missionaries” as a “priceless heritage.”

The review of the following day had an historic scene for its background. It took place on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm fought and fell when the English carried the city by assault in 1759, and so laid the foundation of our Canadian dominion.

Another noteworthy point was the presence at Quebec of a French gunboat, sent by the Republic to take part in the Royal reception. In each quarter of the globe the warships of the nations had paid honour to the representatives of English majesty, and now the French guns saluted her illustrious ally. It was a sign that France accepted the past, which indeed is equally glorious for both nations, and that she recognised the loyalty to the English flag of those who were descendants of her own proud race. But as the old countries become the mothers of new nations, so the flag of the province of Quebec shows that the French-Canadians have a future of their own, distinct from the past though not

forgetful of its glories. On the white ground shine the lilies of France side by side with the maple-leaf of Canada, on a scarlet centre is the leopard, and above all the Imperial Crown.

So, too, the tall column upon the Heights of Abraham commemorates the brave Frenchman who preferred death to witnessing the surrender of Quebec, and his equally illustrious English foe united with him in the same fate and fame. Thus the inscription runs:

*“Mortem virtus communem, Famam historia, Monum-
mentum posteritas, Dedit.”*

After this began the long run across the continent to Vancouver and back, the first pause being made at Montreal. The transition was gradual from the picturesque old-world city with its narrow streets and Gothic houses, its churches and convents, to the commercial capital of the province. The country through which the train ran showed the features of French agricultural life—small holdings carefully cultivated, and a peasantry that recalled Normandy or Brittany. Well-contented too they looked, settled there with their large families around them, each grown-up son with his own little plot. The French-

Canadian of Quebec increases at a far greater rate than his Anglo-Saxon neighbour in Ontario. The official statistics give an increase of 10·8 per cent. in the former case as against 3·2 in the latter. Amongst these happy peasant proprietors may be met families that run to nearly twenty children.

Montreal shows almost more plainly than any city in the Dominion the blend of the races ; the Anglo-Saxon spirit and the French intonation meet in curious proximity. The reception here accorded to the Duke was shorn of its more festive features out of respect for President McKinley, who had just died from the effects of an attack made upon him at the Buffalo Exhibition, and September 19 was appointed by the Canadian Government to be kept as a day of public mourning. However, their Royal Highnesses visited the universities and other educational institutions, and at the McGill University the Duchess for the first time received a degree, being created a Doctor of Law. The new Medical Schools were opened, and addresses were received from the Catholic students of the Montreal branch of the Laval University, and from the Provincial Synod (representing the National Church of England in the Dominion). The final visit was

to the principal girls' school of the city at the Convent of Villa-Maria, where the Duke made a short speech both in French and English.

Ottawa, the seat of government and the capital of Canada, now received her Prince. A fine military display, in which the khaki-clad South African heroes stood out from the scarlet and glitter of the Canadian Dragoons, culminated in a touching little incident. Trooper Molloy, whose eyes were shot out in the war, was led by a comrade to receive his medal. When the Duchess saw him coming she advanced to meet the blind hero, and taking his hand said a few gracious words of sympathy and encouragement.

The military side of the Empire is however not the only aspect to be considered, especially in our over-seas dominions, which have been built up quite as much by trade as by war. The Chamber of Commerce at Ottawa spoke of the immense possibilities for the future which are contained in Canada's great natural resources. The address alluded to "the evidences of the spirit of indomitable energy, perseverance, and enterprise which has earned the British Empire its present proud position, and which bids fair, by the development of its internal resources, to

render it more independent of its foreign competitors."

As characteristic specimens of Canadian life and sport their Royal Highnesses witnessed a lacrosse match for the Minto Cup, and spent a day in studying the work of the "lumbermen." Far away in the primeval forest the logs are hewn and brought down to the quieter reaches of the river. Here the great rafts are formed into "cribs," which are sections of a raft. On one of these cribs the Royal party embarked and went down several "slides," or artificial rapids, formed to facilitate the descent of the timber. The men who guided them wore the orthodox dress of the Canadian "voyageur"—a red blouse, blue jean trousers, and wide pendant sash. After the cribs came the birch-bark canoes steered by Indians, followed by an exhibition of log-rolling and canoe-racing. The day ended by a visit to a log shanty in the heart of the forest, and here was prepared the ordinary lumberman's meal, pork and beans, cooked in a large gipsy pot over the open fire. With their appetites sharpened by hunger the whole party found the fare most palatable.

The fringe of the forest had been visited, but now began that long seven days' journey,

through miles of wooded wilderness untouched by the axe, past mighty acres rich for harvest, touching on Lake Superior, "the little brother of the sea," till the first long halt was made at Winnipeg. The capital of Manitoba had sprung up in a short forty years from a handful of log cabins to a city of over 50,000 inhabitants, and the prairie lands around are now vast grain-bearing tracts. The hunting-grounds of the Red Man have become the heritage of the Empire.

But the dispossessed chiefs were not to go without a sight of their great King's son. The train stopped at Calgary, one of the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, and after an inspection of this fine body of men the Duke drove to an Indian encampment, where he was received in state. In a wide circle sat the squaws and the children, many of the latter clad in their native dress—a bright-coloured tunic and moccasins. The chiefs faced the pavilion, and around were the tribes in every conceivable costume. Ochre-stained Blackfeet and Crees in the war-paint of former days, Bloods, Sarcees, and Piegans in gaudy crimson and blue, and all with straight black hair and smooth faces, composed a group more picturesque and more wild than any which the Duke had

yet seen. A “pow-wow” followed, in which the Redskins indulged in many speeches to their own gratification, though their eloquence disappeared in translation. The most striking impromptu effect was made by the chief of the Crees. As he was speaking a clear-shining ray shot through the heavy blackness which had gathered overhead. “Behold,” he exclaimed, “the clouds break and the sun of the heavens comes forth to gladden our hearts as you, the great white Sachem, have gladdened them.”

The Duke in reply alluded to that anxious time when attempts by rebellious half-breeds were made to shake their allegiance, and how they had stood true and firm, and he added that the treaty under which their existence was assured should last “as long as the grass grows and the water runs.” Then from the clear throats of their mission-trained children rang the National Anthem, and the Duke bade farewell to yet one more of the many races who say proudly with heart as well as voice, “God save the King !”

Over the Rocky Mountains wound the marvellous Canadian-Pacific Railway, and over the Rockies went the Royal party. In order to see the view the Duke spent part of the time with the newspaper correspondents on

the "cow-catcher" of the engine. Upward and ever upward, past precipices and cataracts, through forest and cañon, toiled the train, till the "Great Divide" was crossed and the end of the journey was in sight.

With the visit to Vancouver and Victoria the westward journey was at an end, and there only remained to visit a few more characteristic cities of the Dominion before sailing for England and home.

One last presentation was made to the Duchess before she left for the West. The Indian chief of the Tsimshian tribe, rejoicing in the adopted name of "Herbert Wallace," offered for her acceptance a crown which had been in his tribe for "hundreds of generations." It was a curious object, bristling with the long moustaches of the sea-lion in guise of decoration, and fronted by a grotesque mask. But her Royal Highness was touched by the sacrifice the chiefs had made, and accepted it with gracious words and a kindly smile.

At Toronto a halt was made. Here the rain fell in floods, but the enthusiasm seemed undamped, and truly British cheers greeted the Royal pair as they reviewed the troops, or took notice of the welcoming crowd of children. It was remarked that their Royal

Highnesses never looked tired or lacking in interest, but bowed and smiled to every person who was presented to them. They passed through the fertile "garden of Canada," rich in farms and orchards that might recall those of the old country, save for the richer colouring of the changing Canadian leaf, and then came Niagara. There was an expedition made to the Falls, and then the westward progress continued. After stopping at Hamilton and Kingston the party found themselves steaming down the St. Lawrence among the famous Thousand Islands, called by the Indians "the Garden of the Great Spirit," but now become the holiday resort for the leisured American. Halifax was reached on October 19th, and on the 21st they sailed for Newfoundland. At last on a cold drizzling morning they started for home; the sleety air seemed to close down behind them as they steamed away from the hospitable shore, and as the rocky coast opened out they saw before them the wide Atlantic, with some hint of icebergs in the chill distance.

Thus ended this eventful passage in the life of the future king. He had made this great effort, ably seconded by the Duchess, in order that he might see with his own eyes and judge with his own mind the lands over

which he was to rule. Rarely has a sovereign taken more trouble to make himself thoroughly efficient for his life's work, and in so doing he carried away, as he said in his farewell letter to the Governor-General, Lord Minto, "imperishable memories of affectionate and loyal hearts . . . prosperous and progressive communities, boundless productive territories and a country proud of its membership of the Empire, in which the Empire finds one of its brightest offspring."

On his return a public welcome was arranged to be given to the Prince of Wales (for this was now his title) at the Guildhall on December 5, 1901. Their Royal Highnesses went in state by the longer route, which is now taken to give as many people as possible a chance of viewing these public processions.

The usual routine was followed, and it seemed as if there would be nothing to distinguish this reception from many similar ceremonies. But when it came to the Prince's turn, and he rose to respond to the Lord Mayor's speech of welcome, he surprised all his listeners by the energy and earnestness of his utterances.

He showed how his experiences had impressed his mind, and he gave vent to opinions formed by a careful study of colonial condi-

tions. The first impression he had received was that of loyalty to the Crown and attachment to the old country felt even by men who had never seen the land of their fathers.

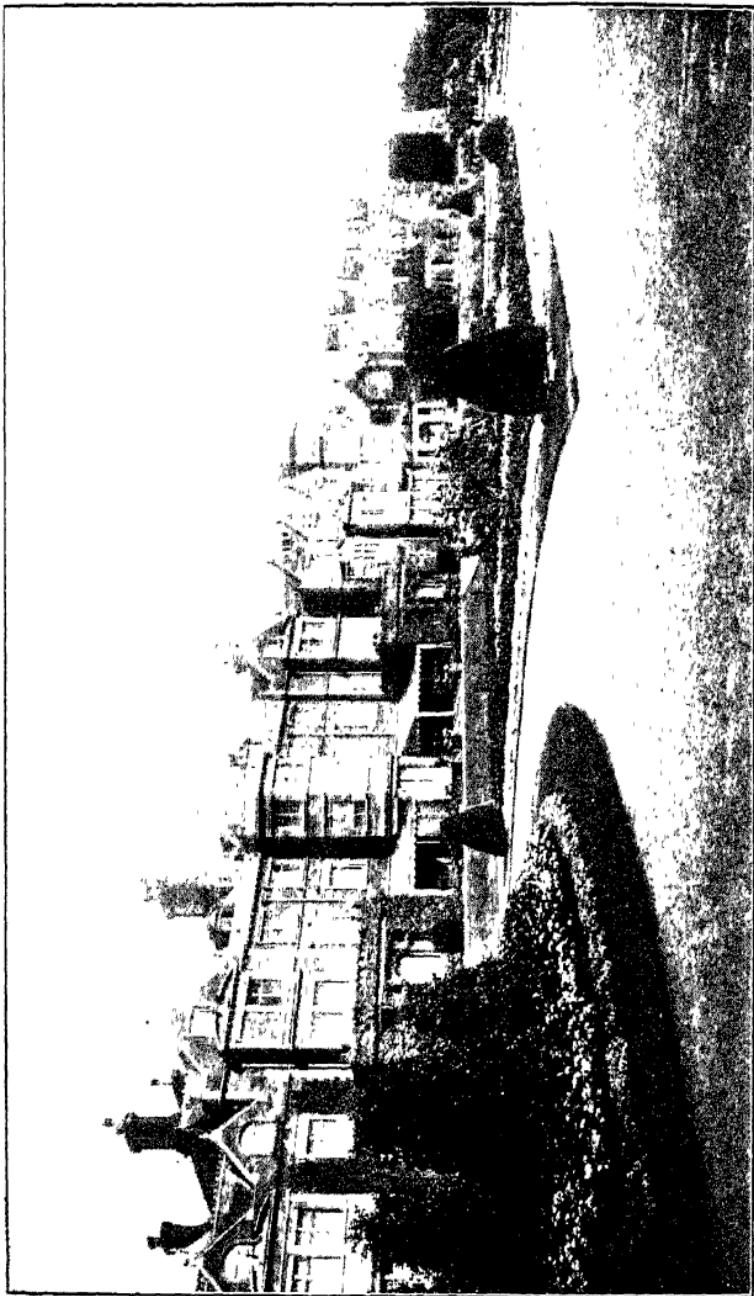
He had reviewed upwards of 60,000 troops, and he was much struck by the military efficiency of the colonies and by the soldiers of the future, *i.e.* the cadets, whose instruction was provided for by their respective Governments. Finally he considered the *commercial* interests of the Empire, for he had been grieved by the many deficiencies of method and adaptability shown by English manufacturers in capturing new markets or retaining the old. “Wake up, England!” was the burden of his speech, and it electrified his audience. Here was a Prince whose heart was with his country, who desired intensely that she should maintain her greatness. It was not merely that he desired her commercial supremacy or her material well-being, but that she should stand erect and watchful as the mother of nations.

Some years at home intervened between this and his next great tour, which showed a continuity of purpose in the Prince’s intention of being a student of the Empire. There were anxious days when his father’s life hung in the balance, and the coronation was

postponed. Finally the dark shadow that threatened the land passed away, and King Edward VII. was restored to his people for nine years of crowded and distinguished life.

During this time the Prince showed himself the King's right hand, and took many an official burden upon himself, till the crowning point of his travels came, and he started to visit the Indian dependencies from which his father derived half his title of King-Emperor, and whose possession sheds so much glory upon England and her people.

PART III
IMPERIAL INDIA



SANDRINGHAM

CHAPTER X

INDIA AND ITS EMPEROR

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches;
Not light them for themselves."—*Measure for Measure* i. 1.

THE sovereignty of England over India dates back to 1858, when in the great durbar at Allahabad it was proclaimed that her Majesty Queen Victoria had assumed the direct government of that country. This was the outcome of a feeling that the relations between the population of India and the sovereign of England ought to be drawn closer than they had hitherto been. The royal proclamation by which this intention was made a fact was given most careful consideration by the Queen herself, and she always took the deepest interest in the land of which she was Empress. This change in the status of India in regard to England had not long taken place when it was thought a good thing that the Heir Apparent should make himself acquainted with the lands over which he would one day

rule. A tour was made in Canada in 1860, when he was barely twenty, but its extension to India was not then possible. It was not till 1874 that the project was again revived, and then there seemed one great objection. The Prince of Wales was by this time of the greatest use to the Queen in taking upon himself many of the duties of sovereignty. He was in constant demand for opening buildings, laying foundation-stones, presiding at important functions, in a word, taking part in all those good works to which the presence of a prince of the blood royal seems to lend a final solemnity. It was difficult therefore to spare him for a year and a half, which would be about the duration of the tour. The Prince himself was bent on it; he seemed to feel it was his "mission" to make himself known to his Indian subjects, and so do what he could to cement the union by the bond of a personal allegiance. The difficulties in the way were therefore overcome, and an official announcement of the visit was made by the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for India.

The Prince chose as his chief adviser Sir Bartle Frere, formerly Governor of Bombay. Lord Suffield, Sir Arthur Ellis, Sir Dighton

Probyn and other members of his household went with him, as well as several of his personal friends. Thus many of those who remained his trusted counsellors were in a position, when Indian questions came up, to speak from personal acquaintance with the country. The Prince was indeed setting an example to future statesmen to study Indian problems on the spot. Indeed the only way to realise the importance of India, its long history and ancient civilisation, is to visit the mighty states, the great cities, and the teeming provinces of that vast land.

The Prince set sail in October 1875, and was received in Bombay by the Governor and many great Indian chiefs. The young Gaekwar of Baroda was there, the Maharaja of Mysore, the Raja of Kolhapur, the Rao of Cutch, and many others. The reception was a gorgeous picture, splendid with the fire of jewels and the flame of colour.

The Prince's first speech on Indian soil made a most favourable impression. In answer to a loyal address from the native princes, which touched him greatly, he mentioned his satisfaction that men of varied creeds and nations could develop their energies under British rule, and joining in loyal attach-

ment to the British Crown, take their share in the management of their own affairs.

The Prince made a special point of receiving as many chiefs as possible, not only the great ones who welcomed him on his arrival, but also the minor chiefs, and the Sirdars of the Deccan, of Konkan, and of the Mahratta states.

One important visit was to the native state of Baroda. This state under Khande Rao had remained loyal during the Mutiny, but the succeeding Gaekwar, Mulhar Rao, was removed from his throne on account of his intrigues — culminating with an attempt at poison—against the Resident, Colonel Phayre. The Maharani Jumna Bai, widow of Khande Rao, was allowed to adopt a member of the Gaekwar house, and this youth was placed upon the vacant throne in 1873. This slight account serves to explain a very thoughtful and gracious act performed by the Prince. To show that in spite of recent troubles the former loyalty of Baroda was not forgotten, he paid a special visit to the Maharani, and by this act pleased all her friends and followers, who had been inclined before to think her hardly treated. In the same tactful and conciliatory spirit the Prince visited the other

states of India, and one may safely say that by this means a new era had begun for the Indian people, and that henceforth they had some pledge that their interests would not go unchampioned by the highest in the state. The value of the experience thus gained is shown by the fact that when King Edward VII. came to the throne he wished his son to undergo the same training as himself, so it was arranged that a tour should be undertaken by George, Prince of Wales, both as his representative and as the future ruler of India.

So we see continued that high ideal of statesmanship which in these latter days of English history began with the Queen-Empress Victoria. She had trained her son Edward to put the interests of the country first. He was to fit himself in every possible manner for his work, and when duty called he was to consider its claims paramount. We see this consideration for his people exhibited at the outset of his reign, and in what may be called a minor matter. The day of his coronation had been fixed when symptoms of a serious disease began to manifest themselves. Still he refused to consider himself, and strove to dull the pain, so that he might at least get

over the coronation day without upsetting all the complicated arrangements and disappointing his people. In the end the doctors refused to allow any further effort to be made, as it would have been at the cost of life itself. This is only one example of how in the minds of the Victorian race, kingship comes before pleasure, before self, and even before wife and family. Under such a grandmother and such a father did our present king learn the great lesson of his state.

Many changes have taken place since the King-Emperor paid that memorable visit thirty years ago. The railway system has been extended, so that George, Prince of Wales, was able to go far nearer the frontier than his father had done. He went in one direction as far as Peshawar and Quetta, and in the other to Mandalay, which has been recently added to the Empire. It was a journey of good augury throughout. Punctuality was observed, and no sickness or accident marred the smooth progress of the tour. Above all, a thrill of sympathy seemed to pass from Prince to people as he gazed upon the dense masses, lining streets and clustering on terrace and balcony to see their ruler pass. From this time forward those who are true to their

alien rulers could know that their loyalty had met with recognition, and that they were in their sovereign's eyes one with his subjects nearer home in his sheltering care.

CHAPTER XI

AMONG THE NATIVE PRINCES

“Qui adjuvatur a fratre quasi civitas firma.”
("A brother helped by a brother is like a strong city.")

1905.—In pursuance of his intention to make himself personally acquainted with the great divisions of the Empire, so that he might have a first-hand knowledge of his responsibilities, George, Prince of Wales, set out in 1905 for India.

After the usual somewhat uneventful voyage, the ship with his Royal Highness on board dropped anchor in the roadstead of Bombay. It was an appropriate starting-place for the Royal progress, for at this spot began, practically, the history of English rule in India. When the Portuguese Princess, Catherine of Braganza, married the Stuart King, Charles II., she brought with her as part of her dowry the island of Bombay. Its importance was small at the time. A population of poor fishermen, a little fort, and an unhealthy climate, that was all the

prospect that the first English officers saw when they set to work to hold it against the Dutch, who at that time were trying to dispute with England the trade of the East. There is a certain instinct which sees the significance of a site from a strategic or commercial point of view when to a careless eye it appears most unpromising. It is the possession of this quality which has secured to England its supremacy over its rivals. When Bombay was linked to the surrounding islands, when Surat (the approach to which was dominated by neighbouring Portuguese settlements) began to lose its power, then the wisdom of the English in clinging to Bombay became apparent to all. The great natural harbour which they had thus secured placed under their control one of the gates of India.

What a splendid city it is, too, spread out over its island site, fronting a harbour like a landlocked sea, which shelters the trade of an Empire. The low hills, dotted with the homes of merchant princes, pass by degrees into the jagged mountains of the far distance, whence the sacred river Krishna and the long Godavery water the whole eastern side of the peninsula. So, too, the varied streams of humanity flow in all directions from the capital of Western India. Europeans and

Indians of all races and castes meet there, and part again to spread through the Empire. Bombay is as cosmopolitan as Paris. The strongest contrasts are to be seen in the streets, and it has been stated that a fifth of the human race has its representatives within the city.

Thus it was a good place for the Prince of Wales to begin with, as he was desirous of studying some of the problems of Empire.

There was, for instance, the native princes to be interviewed, for upon them depends in many ways the peace and welfare of the whole peninsula. The most northern one is the Rao of Cutch, that island state with its seafaring population, who are in the curious position of being British subjects at sea, greatly to their advantage, whilst at home they yield allegiance solely to the Rao. Hard by is Kathiawar, a whole group of native states, each with its own ruler, though the chiefs who are minors have a British administrator till they come of age. The premier chief of this district is the Nawab of Junagad, a Prince of Mahomedan descent, most of the rulers of Kathiawar being Rajputs originally.

Again, under the protection of Bombay comes the great state of Baroda, much divided and scattered about the Presidency. The

Gaekwar of Baroda is one of those princes who is anxious to do all he can for the advancement of his subjects. He encourages the students in his state schools to take up modern subjects, and to enter with intelligence into the life of their country. We have here one of the divisions into which the Mahrattas fell when their power was broken, and of the same race are the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior and Maharaja Holkar of Indore, and farther south the Raja of Kolhapur. The little state of Jinjiaa, close to the capital, has a Nawab of Abyssinian descent. It would take too long to enumerate the 350 Native States, some Hindu, some Mahomedan, some Mahratta, scattered throughout the Bombay Presidency, but it is plain that the Prince of Wales' first task was to receive the native chiefs of India, and to make himself acquainted with their ideals and aspirations. It was incumbent upon him to see that their efforts for the amelioration of their people should meet with due support and encouragement.

Thus it came to pass that the comfortable bungalows on Malabar Hill were rented for a week or so by the great rajas or native rulers who came into Bombay to pay their homage to their Prince. Their arrival added to the

excitement of the town waiting to take part in the public demonstrations as they were met by a representative of the Government at the railway station, whilst the guns fired a salute. The pomp of their presence filled the streets as they moved to and fro in their gilded coaches, with the shimmer of silk and the gleam of jewels.

At the great reception at Government House there was more than one Englishman, not counting the Prince, anxious to have, from the native chiefs' own lips, reports as to the condition of their principalities. The life of an Indian ruler is not all pageantry. He has to meet many of the same trials as the English resident magistrate. Famine follows easily on drought or bad seasons; the plague lies in wait for his ryots. He has to administer justice, and the Indian is not likely to lay aside his litigious habits because he is under a ruler of his own race. Then there is the improvement of his people; the Maharaja of Gwalior, for instance, could tell many interesting facts as to his schools and colleges, all of a most excellent type. But the Raja has his leisure moments, and then there is sport to be had, and sport is always a bond of union between Englishmen and Indians. In Junagad may be

still found a few specimens of the Asiatic lion, and tiger shooting is, in some parts, at its best under the fostering care of a native ruler, while the hardy little ponies of Deccan breed serve many purposes of sport as well as warfare.

The position of the native chiefs is also one of importance, so much so, that in his proposals for Indian reform (1909) Lord Morley had considered the feasibility of a special council of Indian princes to meet at irregular intervals for the purpose of consultation with the Governor-General. This was only abandoned on account of certain practical difficulties, but the principle met with considerable support.

More than one of the chiefs as they stood before their Prince had the bearing of a born ruler and the face of a wise one.

The powers of these states, as secured to them by treaty, are those of administration and jurisdiction. The right of declaring war rests with the Imperial Government, but the chief has the power of raising troops as a contingent to the Imperial Service Corps. This admirable institution came into being in the time of Lord Dufferin's rule, and its purpose was to give our native allies a real share in the defence of India. Each state maintains

its own small body of troops, whose equipment is to be equal to that of the regular army. Arms, drill, and general efficiency are settled by the Viceregal Government, and the force is inspected at intervals by British officers. The Maharaja pays for it out of his state revenues, and appoints the officers. He can choose also what sort of a unit he will provide. Cavalry regiments, camel corps, transport waggons drawn by those grand draught bullocks, whose usefulness in drawing artillery was recognised more than a hundred years ago by the Duke of Wellington—nothing comes amiss to the Indian army when it calls for the reinforcements of the Imperial Service Corps. The Maharaja Scindia leads his own cavalry, and a magnificent sight it was to see him flashing past, full charge, when his troops were saluting the Royal Standard at the Gwalior review.

The races of India are many, and so are the religions. How to deal with the latter is perhaps the greater problem of the two. The English meet it by dealing out an impartial toleration for all. The days of the Mutiny, when they were supposed to have attempted interference with the religious customs and prejudices of both Hindu and Mahomedan, are long past. What intoler-

ance there is comes from the differences of the Indians themselves. In Bombay the Prince of Wales had an opportunity of learning the views of all the chief religious sects of the peninsula, for Hindu, Mahomedan, Parsi, Sikh, Rajput all meet there, and numbers of them consider themselves emancipated and "occidentalised." But in Bombay it is above all the Parsi who comes to the fore, and yet they are small in numbers, and in a certain sense strangers in the land. In the business life of the city the Parsi undoubtedly holds the foremost place. They owe this to the impartiality of the English rule which freed them from Mahratta oppression, and they seem to have assimilated English culture more easily than any other of the Indian races. They have even beaten Englishmen at their own games, so that the Parsis have become famous for their cricket!

Another cause of their success is undoubtedly the close bond of their religion. They hold and practise it tenaciously; witness the Towers of Silence, and the consecrated fire ever burning in their little temples. This keeps them as one nation. At the same time they are not hampered by caste and religious restrictions, and so they work hard not only at business, but at medicine, at law, at

engineering and science. They develop the resources of the great Bombay Presidency, and they hold shares in the most luxurious houses of Malabar or Cumballa Hill.

Besides the people the Prince also made himself acquainted with the chief industry of Bombay and visited the cotton mills. The old style of cotton manufacture may still be seen in the Street of the Weavers, where the native worker crouches before his handloom in his own tiny shop, weaving hour after hour at a slow and even pace. But the great steam-power mills lie in the suburbs, and one must visit these to understand some of the aspects of modern India. The tall chimneys blacken the air just as if they stood beside their brethren of Manchester, but they cannot so easily dim the clear sunlight. The best mills are well managed and well ventilated, full of modern machinery, and clean and orderly ; but the hours are long, and there is more child labour than there ought to be. We find, then, that the new India can compete in cotton production with England. The raw material is at her doors, and her labourers work for a low wage in a land where the necessaries of life are very few and simple. As India begins thus to enter into modern commercial life her future must needs

undergo corresponding modifications, and therefore a wise ruler is interested even in such unpicturesque objects as steam-power cotton mills.

Closely connected with production comes distribution, and the development of the Indian railway system goes on apace. The facilities for travelling put within the reach of all leads to many changes of native habits. Their religious life is stimulated by the ease with which they can go on pilgrimages, and at the same time the exclusiveness of caste must be modified by the exigencies of travel.

It has been pointed out that railways are after all the best remedy for famine, not merely because of the more speedy conveyance of relief, but because the famine-stricken population can be removed temporarily into a well-provided district.

In the six days which he spent at Bombay the Prince of Wales could not do more than just glance at some of the subjects that interest the administrators of India, such as the prevention of plague (this especially concerns Bombay), the need of scientific afforestation, the development of irrigation schemes, but many of the problems met him again as he passed through the great

dependency, and he studied them with that sympathetic earnestness which is the gift of great sovereigns.

From Bombay the Royal party went northward to pay some visits to Indian courts. The first reception was fixed for Indore, and here awaited the representatives of Central India. The Maharaja Holkar was waiting to receive the Prince, and after him the first mention must be given to the Begum of Bhopal, the only Mahomedan woman-ruler in the world ; and then amongst other rulers came up in order the Maharajas of Rewa, of Orchha, of Datia, of Charkhari, all decorated with orders already bestowed upon them by their Sovereign, and many other Maharajas and Rajas of that part of India.

The first durbar of the Prince of Wales was held here, and after the presentations of the chiefs, his Royal Highness made a speech of welcome to all present. He had an explanation to make which was of great importance from the point of view of etiquette. According to ceremonial custom he ought to have exchanged visits with the native princes, but unfortunately time did not allow of this, so that his visit to Indore must be considered as one of somewhat an informal

character. But the omission was to form no precedent, nor detract from privileges and customs which he cherished and esteemed as dearly as any chief in India. After this the presentation of "attar" and "pan" took place, which is always done when a formal interchange of courtesies takes place.

At the garden party given at the Residency much amusement was given to the guests by the tricks of a performing elephant lent by the Raja of Datia. The clever creature walked erect dressed in chain mail and waving about a purple-dyed trunk. In the evening a feast was given to the poor; all the misery of the East seemed gathered there—the leper, the half-starved mendicant—but for one day at least they had enough and to spare, and they realised that they were feasted in honour of their King-Emperor.

It is impossible to leave the subject of Indore without laying some stress on the position of the Begum of Bhopal. She was the first in order of precedence, but also she was an object of interest and admiration because her talents as a ruler were well known throughout Central India, and special attention was accorded to her by the Royal pair. The Princess had a special conversation with

her apart from the others, and she was also invited to a private audience at the Residency, yet with all this the Begum observed the strictest "purdah," and kept closely veiled in public. Of the two honours that were conferred, one, the G.C.I.E., was given to the Begum of Bhopal, and she took it with well-chosen words of thanks. Not least among the astounding contrasts of India is the power and influence exerted by a woman and ruler in a land where the lot of her sex is supposed to be so insupportable.

Holkar's Cavalry and the Bhopal Lancers are famous among the Imperial Service regiments, and the Prince of Wales inspected them with pleasure as they galloped past in fine array. Then after opening the King Edward Hall to commemorate the accession of the King, the visit to Indore terminated. The Maharana of Udaipur was the next host of their Royal Highnesses, and this was one of the visits rendered possible by railway extension in India.

Here the Prince found himself among the Rajputs, and could see and admire this splendid race of men, and among those who came from out-of-the-way districts were many representatives of "vanishing India." There were warriors still wearing chain armour, whilst

their horses were protected by a sort of leather jerkin covering their sides. There were stout chieftains riding as only Rajputs can ride on half-tamed beasts, whose eyes were blinded with scarlet cloths. There were countrymen with a battered gun or rusty sword; and in and out of this crowd threaded men on camels, elephants with painted trunks, and kicking horses.

The Maharana is the worthy ruler for a gallant race. His ideal is the welfare of his people, and among them he lives and finds all his interests. In his personal habits he is temperate to the verge of austerity, and keeps only one wife. He scorns to lead a life merely given up to sport as the generality of Rajput chiefs, and withal he is a fine shot, and always in good training owing to his disciplined life. At the same time he manages his state according to his own ideas, and therefore by some it is called unprogressive. The people, however, are happy and contented, and what greater benefit can they get from a ruler than that he should secure the welfare of his subjects, even if he thinks both the railway and the telegraph unnecessary adjuncts to his rule?

Among the chiefs presented to his Royal Highness was the boy ruler of Baidla, who

wore with pride the sword which the British Government had given to his grandfather for his loyal aid during the Mutiny.

Udaipur spreads from the hills upon which it stands down to the lake at its feet, and looks beautiful as it is reflected in its placid waters. It is a mediæval city, built at many periods, and exhibiting a jumble of many styles. Jaipur, the next place visited, is quite a contrast, built gridiron fashion like an American city, and formed chiefly of brick. Yet it is known as the rose-red city, and the glamour of Indian colour lies over its sand-stone and stuccoed walls.

At Jaipur the Prince of Wales shot his first tiger, and this is an event that always gives great satisfaction, not only to the successful shot, but to all who have contributed to the result. But there was another fact that made this visit to Jaipur especially agreeable to the Prince. The Maharaja was an old friend, having visited England for the coronation of King Edward. Moreover, he has shown himself lavishly generous to the people of India. He instituted the "Indian People's Famine Trust" for the relief of famine-stricken districts, and has contributed largely to its funds. In honour of the Prince's visit he added £20,000 to his former gifts to the Trust.

A short sojourn with the Maharaja of Bikanir, where the Prince got some good "sand-grouse" shooting, concluded the visits to the native chiefs in this part of India. But before it was over some good sport was obtained at pig-sticking, and a little incident, in which Sir Pertab Singh figured, shows what Rajput horsemanship is. A boar, turning at bay, rushed at Sir Pertab, and as it came to close quarters he leapt his horse right over the brute, at the same time transfixing it with a downward blow of his spear.

Before the Prince left, the Maharaja announced his intention of contributing another half regiment of infantry to the Imperial Service Corps. To show that his troops could really be of use to the Empire in time of need, he referred to the fact that he was the first Indian chief to go on active service abroad. In 1900 he had gone to China with his regiment. The Prince's reply was read, as he was absent through indisposition. In it he expressed his admiration of the fine soldierly appearance of the Bikanir Camel Corps, and said that his Highness the Maharaja had every reason to be proud of his men, many of whom wore medals for service in China and Somaliland. These fine Rajput troops had taken part in the Far East with

the allied armies at the capture of Pertang Fort, while in Somaliland they fought at Daratoleh and at Jiballi. For these actions they wear a medal with a clasp, of which they are justly proud.

It is services like this which make the Indian feel that he too has his share in the victories of the Empire.

CHAPTER XII

THE SIKHS AND THE NORTH

"Come the three corners of the earth in arms,
And we shall shock them."—*King John* v. 7.

WITH the name of the Punjab comes the memory of Mutiny days, when John Lawrence was at the helm, and its men stood firm to the English through all the turmoil of that terrible time. Since then it has been divided, so that the frontier forms a separate district with Peshawar as the chief town, but for picturesque features and historical memories Lahore still holds its own.

The wonderful sight on the plain of Mian Mir, when the Imperial Service troops passed in review before the Prince of Wales, testified yet once again as to the military resources of the Punjab. It showed, too, the change that is taking place in the equipment of these brave bulwarks of the Indian Empire.

The Indian chiefs of this part of the peninsula have always been counted upon for support when trouble was feared from Russian

aggression *via* Afghanistan. But thirty years ago their forces, though animated by the splendid Sikh courage, were in no sense an army. They were undrilled, ill equipped and worse armed, for their weapons were absolutely antiquated. To Lord Dufferin is due the idea—and it needed some courage to initiate the experiment—of making these undisciplined warriors into organised bodies of trained soldiers. The ruling chiefs were now encouraged each to contribute a regiment to help in the serious defence of India when in danger from a foreign foe. These forces were reviewed by the Prince throughout his tour, but especial interest attaches to those who will first have to stand the assault when the frontiers are over-passed in Western India. Every arm of the service was represented—horse and foot, camel corps and transport trains, all passed by. At their head came their chiefs. They were all there, from the young Raja of Patiala to the aged Maharaja of Nabha. The climax of the review was the charge of Patiala's Lancers, men who had fought with Lord Roberts in Afghanistan. The green and yellow uniforms thundered past, with pennons fluttering and lances flashing, while the ground shook under the tramp of the horses, and the light of war

came into their riders' faces. Then they vanished in the dust-cloud on the edges of the plain, and the review was over.

The Princes who came to greet the Heir Apparent whilst at Lahore included the hill chieftains from the spurs of the Himalayas and the great Punjab chiefs from Patiala, Bahawalpur, Jhind, and Kapurthala. Amongst those of most unshaken loyalty was the ruler of Nabha, who, having fought for the State in his youth and paid personal homage to the King-Emperor in his age, exclaimed that life had nothing further to offer him, and that he was willing to depart in peace.

At Peshawar there was no doubt of the proximity of the frontier. All the soldiers on guard belonged to the fighting regiments, amongst others the Black Watch, whose achievements in these Indian border wars are written in the pages of history. The Chief Commissioner of the North-West Province is always a military officer, and the whole organisation of government is suggestive of war. At every spot where the mountain barrier is weak bristles a fort, a loopholed wall, or a bastion. The railway too runs nearly to the border of Afghanistan, and this at once alters the proportions of the problem of defence.

In the days when King Edward made his Indian tour no line to Peshawar existed, so he was not able to visit the border capital. Now, however, the Prince of Wales was able to run up to the frontier, and even without difficulty to visit the Khyber, the scene of such stirring memories to English hearts. He could also give personal thanks to those chiefs who had been loyal in times of trouble. Amongst these was the Khan of Dir, who stood fearlessly in his yellow sheepskin coat and girded sword-belt as the guardian of the open way to Chitral. Acknowledgment also was due to the Khan of Nawagai, who kept faithful to his overlords all through the fanatical revolts of 1897.

Cold blew the blasts of mountain wind as the Royal party approached the gates of the Empire. Who does not know from song and story the aspect of that frowning Pass, winding among a mass of tangled hills and rocky precipices, through which the waves of advance and retreat have flowed century after century as her foes swept down on India?

At the entrance to the Pass is the Fort of Jamrud, and at the other end, looking towards Afghanistan, stands Landi Kotal. Here you may see how England guards her

great dependency. A native regiment and a handful of white officers man the lonely fort. A foe ever alert is beyond, and all around are grim, unfriendly mountains. Yet there is no depression and no fear. Day by day the hillmen are drilled and turned into soldiers of the King-Emperor. At Ali Masjid the headmen of the Afridis, from whom the Khyber Rifles are recruited, now came to bring tribute to the Prince of Wales. With an offering of sheep and honey they tendered him their loyalty, and their words, couched in the imagery of the East, rang true as they pressed into his presence. "We are a poor people," they said, "and we live in a poor country, but the land will blossom like the rose now that it has been touched by the footsteps of the King." To one old blind chief the Prince stretched out his hand. "Now indeed I see," he exclaimed, "for I have touched my King."

Through the Khyber Pass and back drove the Royal party, while the Khyber Riflemen kept guard on every peak, otherwise no one was allowed to approach the road, and the brick guard-houses which line the Pass at intervals were alert with troops. But all went well, and the Prince had reason to be well pleased with what he saw at the frontier of India.

On December 8 the Prince was at Rawal Pindi for the great review, in which 55,000 troops were to take part. Lord Kitchener met the Royal party at Hassan-Abdul, and was thus able to show the Prince in actual working order what his ideas were for the training and development of the Indian Army. The particular object of the sham fight, which was included in the review, was an attack upon Rawal Pindi. The Prince saw English regiments, such as the Dorsets and Cameronians, under the trying conditions of Indian service, manœuvring in clouds of the terrible dust and baked by the sun. Yet there was no slackness. Every man was hardy and alert, and performed these evolutions with the same certainty as on parade at home. With them marched the Indian regiments of those races who provide the bulk of the native army. Sikhs, Punjabis, Pathans, and Gurkhas passed before their Prince, looking as fine a body of troops as an officer could wish to command.

The military side of Indian life was still to the fore at Kashmir, which was the next place on the programme. The Maharaja has a larger body of Imperial troops than any of the native chiefs. He could bring 4000 into the field if required, and he is particularly

careful of their training and equipment. He gave the Prince of Wales a military reception which would have gladdened the heart of any one who knows how much the establishment of these troops has done to keep the Rajas interested in the defence of their country. At Jammu a beautiful camp has been established, and all the military arrangements were carefully carried out.

Before leaving this part of India the Prince found time to go to Amritsar, the former capital of the Sikhs. Here one can realise the forces that make their fidelity a byword. The tradition of what John Nicholson—"Nikel Seyn" as they called him—was to these "blood-brothers" of his still lingers in his strongholds of the Sikhs. By his extraordinary influence he had gained a power over them which made them look upon him as something apart from and above the ordinary English sahib. They had eaten salt together, they considered, and he who has partaken of another's salt must be ready to be cut to pieces in his service. This is the spirit in which the Sikh fights when he has found his leader, hence the value of the Sikh in the service of the Crown. There is a tale of how during the troubles of '97 a handful of the 36th Regiment died to a man in

defence of a fort, and the last of them was burnt at his post.

The Kalsa College, which testifies to the eagerness of the present-day Indian for the education of his children, was visited by the Prince, and here he won the affections of the men on guard by speaking to many of them personally. He handled their medals and inquired into the circumstance under which they were won. Nor was the famous Golden Temple of Amritsar forgotten. But one may consider that the aspect most vividly brought before him in this part of India was that of the fighting forces of the Empire. The very landscape speaks of war. The sun-dried plains look scarred with the wounds of battle, the rivers have run with the blood of her sons. Even the names best known are those of strife and victory, for the Punjab is full of memories.

CHAPTER XIII

DELHI TO CALCUTTA

"Lone Mother of dead Empires."—BYRON.

FROM the moment the Royal party entered Delhi the historical side of India was uppermost. No one is better equipped than the Prince of Wales for appreciating all that this wonderful city has to say to the student, for he is well acquainted with the records of the successive dynasties which have made it their capital, as well as with the stirring pages of English history in which the name of Delhi figures.

Having faced the loyal population of the city and read to them the address, their Royal Highnesses proceeded to view the well-known historic sites and memorials of the Mutiny. The famous Ridge and Flagstaff Tower, which figure so prominently in the tales of the siege of Delhi, were among the first places visited. From there they drove to Hindu Rao's House, held by the loyal Gurkhas, around which a tremendous struggle had centred, and thence

to the Mutiny Memorial, which now stands on the Ridge, not far from the Right Battery. From this point the whole city lies open to the eyes, with its towers and pinnacles, whilst over all floats the pure white dome of the Jumma Masjid.

Having seen the whole view, the Royal party then took one or two interesting spots in detail. They saw the Kashmir Gate, through which the English first stormed the city, and the old magazine, the death-trap of nine brave Englishmen, who blew it up rather than give ammunition to the mutineers, and finally the tomb of John Nicholson, and the Lahore Gate where he fell.

Having refreshed their gratitude to the heroes of those troubled days, the Prince and Princess turned to the antiquities of Delhi, to those marvellous buildings which adorn the stronghold of the Mogul Emperors and testify to their greatness. There was the Kutab Minar, set up by the first of the Moslem invaders, near which stands a far older iron pillar, dating from an earlier dynasty, and bearing the inscription : "As long as I stand, so long shall the Hindu Kingdom endure." The contrast is characteristic of the cleavage between these two religions in India. There can never be a united India as long as the

Hindu tries to keep down the Moslem and deprive him of the rights of a minority. Neither should the Mahomedan stand too proudly aloof from the changing conditions of modern India, but should strive to take advantage of it and make his loyalty in this way doubly precious to the English Raj. There are some signs that the Mussulman at length appreciates this argument, and the college at Aligarh, which was visited later in the tour, is a proof of this. The Junima Masjid, one of the finest mosques in India, was inspected, and then the way lay through the Delhi Gate to the tomb of Humayun, son of Akbar. This, like the Kutab Minar (Tower of the Faith), is a relic of early Mahomedan architecture in India. Built of white marble and red sandstone, on a lofty platform, its dome rises over a walled enclosure. Within the walls is a garden, where straight paths, beset with cypress-trees, run between turfed squares, while marble cisterns give coolness to the air. Within the building which holds the tomb are treasures of jade and jasper slabs to line the walls, and mosaic and enamel to add colour to the whole. At this spot, which testifies to the power and riches of the Mogul Emperors, the last representative of the dynasty gave up his sword

to the masterful leader of Hodson's Horse, and their place knew them no more. The third of these Moslem monuments is the tomb of Safdar Jung, known as the "Piercer of Battle Ranks," and this, too, is one of the wonders of Moslem art, but of a later period.

At Delhi the Prince received the Raja of Sirmur and other chiefs, and they were the more delighted to see the representative of the ruling family of England, because Delhi was the scene of the famous Proclamation by which the title of Empress of India was announced as the future designation of Queen Victoria. At Delhi, then, where Aryans, Hindus, Tartars, and Moslems have succeeded one another in sovereignty through more ages than history can accurately count, the last great ruler of the Indian people assumed her proper title and made known her gracious wishes for their welfare. The Queen-Empress was no unworthy successor to the sceptre of Akbar and Aurungzebe.

Before leaving Delhi the Royal party took cognisance of another aspect of the city. It is no mere mausoleum of the past, for it has an internal modern development. Drifting past the glories of Eastern art, you may see black clouds of sooty smoke, which recall the horrors of an English manufactur-

ing area. Yet in the power of India to keep abreast with modern use of machinery lies her best chance of material prosperity, and so the chimneys rise and the factory quarters grow in more than one of her ancient cities. The city remains prosperous and has an air of life, as her population fill to overflowing the Chandni Chank, or main avenue, of the bazaar. Here throbs the eager pulse of commerce, and here linger those who must hear the latest news and learn the latest details of our ever-changing life. How hard it is to realise that once this teeming population thought they could do without their alien leaders and instructors, and that this same busy thoroughfare ran crimson with English blood. But so the history of Delhi has been made. The stranger comes, first as a foe, then as a conqueror, and, lastly, as a friend. The historic monuments show it. The Moslem conquerors settled down and left their dead there in safety, for no Eastern hand would readily desecrate a tomb. The English, when their just wrath was appeased and the grass had grown on the "Ridge," also made it a home and taught their subjects the art of commercial greatness, so that in some fashion the tall chimneys, ugly as they are, symbolise the *Pax Britannica*.

A study of Mogul greatness would not be complete without a visit to Agra, and hither the Prince and Princess now went. At Agra the crown of all Moslem sepulchral art is to be seen in the Taj Mahal, the "Dream in Marble." This wonderful monument was built by Shah Jehan (the father of Aurungzebe) as a tomb for his fair wife, Mumtaz Mahal, whom he loved with such deep passion. These mausoleums of the Mahomedan rulers of Delhi were begun long before they were really needed, for the owner liked to know where he should lie. Then, as in the case of the Taj, if the beloved one was untimely snatched away, the cool courts and cloisters and gardens became a place of restful recollection. So in the octagon shrine, brave in turquoise and emerald, under the great white dome, slept the gentle lady, and here, after many years, they laid the broken-hearted, dethroned Emperor who was once the all-powerful Shah Jehan.

The Duke and Duchess saw the Taj by day, but they visited it again quietly by night, when the moonlight steals over the walls and turns the dome to silver. Then is the time to understand how this "white wonder" of the East fascinates all who approach it. They were spared the pain of seeing it shown off

with limelight as King Edward did when he visited Agra.

After the Taj, there were other works of Shah Jehan to be seen. He built the Palace Fort and the Pearl Mosque. The latter was used as a hospital during the Mutiny, and ever after has been considered as desecrated, though it remains a miracle of beauty. Finally, when Shah Jehan was deprived of his throne by his son Aurungzebe, he ended his days in the Jasmine Tower, whence he could gaze down the river to the Taj Mahal. All these monuments proved of intense interest to the Prince and Princess, but the time was not all holiday. There was a statue of Queen Victoria to unveil, and at the ceremony the Prince made one of his usual pointed and sympathetic speeches.

Hard by Agra is the curious "dead city" of Fatehpur Sikri, built and then abandoned by Akbar Khan. The Emperor was without a male heir, and when the boon was at last accorded him on the prayer of a hermit living at Sikri, he determined to build a city round the holy man's cell.

The Jamma Masjid, or Cathedral Mosque, is one of the finest in the peninsula, and the great gateway which opens into the square in front of the mosque is a magnificent specimen

of a Mogul gateway. Yet when all was finished, for some unexplained reason Akbar left it, and gave it up entirely as a royal residence. Some say it was in consequence of a quarrel with Salem Chisti, the hermit, and this may be so, for Akbar was an innovator in religion. He made one up out of fragments of other creeds than his own, and even laid Christianity under contribution, for he had a Christian wife. On one of the recesses of the gate may be read the name of "Jesus on whom be peace." But the Emperor's creed went the way of other religions, and lies buried in the dust that covers both Akbar and his successors, Jehangier, Jehan, and the great Aurungzebe himself.

To the study of history succeeded the renewal of friendship as the Prince passed from Delhi and its neighbourhood to Gwalior. The Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior has long been a valued friend of the Prince of Wales, and his services to the Empire have met with frequent recognition. He is A.D.C. to the King-Emperor, and can write after his name the letters G.C.S.I. and G.C.V.O. At the time of the South African War he rendered invaluable service by timely gifts of cavalry horses and a large number of the hardy little Mahratta ponies. His contribution to the Imperial Ser-

vice Troop is also a very large one, and he is proud of his fine army.

When the Prince arrived at the railway station he met with a truly Indian reception, and which differed from anything that he had seen up till now. The Maharaja had provided a state procession of elephants, and it was a most imposing spectacle to see them in all their "war paint." The leading ones were painted grey, with patterns of red and yellow over eyes and forehead. Rich howdahs were on their backs, from which hung trappings of Indian silks and embroidery. Their manners too were exquisite. They salaamed and genuflected in the most polite fashion, and showed to what perfection of training an Indian elephant can be brought. Behind them came the Mahratta Horse, of which the Maharaja himself is Colonel.

The next day at the review, however, was the best opportunity for seeing these troops, and for seeing also what could be made of that fine fighting material which once had been the terror of all India. After the two great reviews already recorded, this one of five or six thousand men might seem small, but they were all in the service of the Maharaja himself, and their equipment is his glory. As the Prince and Princess watched the troops

march past, they saw also the Maharaja sweep by full gallop at the head of his cavalry in a thunderous charge, and he is eager to come to the help of England in any war that may break out. The sham fight that followed was reminiscent of the time in China when so many of the Indian Princes sent forces to join the allies. It represented an engagement between the state troops and the Chinese, and ended in the storming and destruction of a fort. Some of the Maharaja's military ardour must have infected the Maharani and the ladies of the court, for they managed to see the fight, though their seats were arranged apart so that the "purdah" should be strictly observed.

Education as well as defence is cared for by the Maharaja Scindia, and the Prince inspected two fine colleges established for the sons of the Sirdars of this well-managed Mahratta State. When the various inspections were over the Prince had a little of his favourite sport, and shot a fine tiger.

So the days of the visit passed until the blessed Christmas Feast drew near. It had been arranged that Christmas Day should be spent in Gwalior, perhaps because the Royal party felt they were among friends. The Princess of Wales prepared a tree for the children there, and Indian and Anglo-Saxon

alike rejoiced in this memorial of the homeland. So the visit came to an end, but as events afterwards turned out, the parting between Scindia and his Royal guest was not final. This visit to a native state, and to one of those which are a credit to all concerned, came between two reminders of the Mutiny. Delhi told its share of the story, and now came Lucknow. Here, under the shadow of the tower of the Residency, gathered the veteran heroes who defended the citadel. Amongst these were also one or two ladies who had survived all the terrors of the memorable siege.

At Lucknow is the monument to Hodson, who, whatever his faults, and we must remember the provocations of that dreadful time, was one of those who vindicated English courage during the most critical stage of the Mutiny. This was visited by the Duke and Duchess, and they stood a little while in silence as they read the short inscription : "Here lies all that could die of William Stephen Raikes Hodson. . . . A little while." That city, too, holds the tomb of the brave and tender-hearted Henry Lawrence, and he also was not forgotten by the representative of that Empire for which he died.

One of the noteworthy features of the stay

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at Lucknow was the reception given by the Talakdars of Oude, marked by the same spontaneous expressions of loyalty as had greeted the Royal pair throughout their journey.

The time was now approaching when the Royal party was due at Calcutta, and with that city began the Prince's acquaintance with the source from which flows, as it were, all the myriad influences which go for good government in India. With the Viceroy rests the ultimate responsibility, though a wise system of devolution has given considerable power to other councils of the Empire, for, as his name implies, he stands for the head of the State, and is the representative of sovereignty.

CHAPTER XIV

CALCUTTA AND AFTERWARDS

“ Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales.”

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1.

LORD MINTO, the Viceroy, met the Prince and Princess on their arrival at this the “second city of the Empire.” When he contemplated the growth of this great capital, from its beginning as a handful of huts on the mud flats of the Hugli to its present Europeanised splendour of wide streets and fine buildings, the Prince gave vent to the feelings it inspired. In reply to Lord Minto’s address of welcome he said : “ In Calcutta’s present prosperity and future growth I see the sign which I recognise everywhere in India of a union which, under God’s providence, seems destined to endure.” It was gratifying to the Prince to think that the purpose for which he was ready to sacrifice himself by continuous and rapid progress through every part of the Empire, from the frosty heights of Kashmir to the parched plains of the Deccan, was not

to be a failure, and that the closer union of India to the English Crown would not be an empty dream.

The Princess of Wales was here presented with a necklace of pearls from the ladies of India, and when she received the sumptuous gift, after acknowledging it in fitting terms, she at once clasped it round her throat instead of laying it back ceremoniously in its case. This friendly, unstudied act gave the greatest pleasure to the donors, who recognised in it the courteous intention of the Princess. The present was specially welcome to the Princess, as throughout the tour she had striven to make the acquaintance of the women of India, whose seclusion usually sets them apart from royal visits when it is a prince that comes. She took the necklace as a sign that her advances had been well received.

On the Prince's side there was special satisfaction felt in the Imperial Cadet Corps. Here the youth of the Empire showed their intention of giving willing service to the throne, as their fathers did, and their smart, soldierly appearance promised well for the future.

In the north of the peninsula the defences of the Empire had been visited, and the military aspect of the British occupation was

emphasised. Here at Calcutta the civilian side received its due attention. A levée was held at Government House, at which were present all those representatives of the official world on whose untiring labours the welfare of the Indian Government depends. It was a brilliant reception, and the Prince and Lord Minto each played his part, one as the future Lord of India and as the representative of the Royal Family, the other as Governor-General, and responsible for the King in all that concerned the present administration of the country.

During his visit the Prince presented new colours to the King's Own, and attended the races, so that he might see one of the characteristic Calcutta sights—the Racecourse on Cup Day. His suite had some good shooting on the private preserves of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar. The estates seemed but a little way from the capital, and yet were so carefully tended, that better sport could not have been obtained in the heart of the most remote jungle. The Maharaja himself is a keen sportsman and a splendid shot, and those to whom he had extended his generous hospitality had a pleasant relaxation from the restraints of the official round.

In the meantime the Princess of Wales

took her share in showing attention to the Indian subjects of the King. She had the interests of the weaker sex always at heart, and was anxious to understand the position and the needs of the women of India in the present day. She therefore attended a "purdah" party given by the native ladies of Calcutta, and did her best to enter into the questions which at present occupy their attention. There is the subject of their own education. Though a higher education falls to the share of only a limited number of Hindu women, yet a certain amount of education is usual among all those of the upper classes, and they are very anxious to secure a more advanced teaching for their children. On this subject—the training of the young—the Princess found a common interest with her Indian subjects. Her domestic virtues are well known, and also the amount of personal attention which she gives to the care of her own little ones. The Indian mother, too, is distinguished for her maternal affection. The boys are given a good education, and even some of the girls are sent to school. Then when the proper age is attained, the all-important event of the marriage of son or daughter is duly celebrated. When her children's marriages are safely accomplished,

the Hindu woman feels that her life-work is done.

1906.—On January 1, 1906, the Prince of Wales attended the Proclamation Parade on the Maidan, and the next day he was present at an Indian entertainment in the same park. It was a contrast between all that was representative of English rule on the one hand and all that was most typically native on the other. There were curious dances, some of a kind fast dying out as modern influences creep in, but the strangest was perhaps the Lama mask-dance, which was specially arranged in honour of the Prince, who is known to take an interest in these manifestations of racial and religious customs.

Amongst the native rulers of position who came to pay their respects to the Heir Apparent we must not fail to note the Tashi Lama of Shigatse, Tongsa Penlop of Bhutan, and the Rani of Sikkim. The first of these—the Tashi Lama—had made a special effort to thus come and show his goodwill, and in his speech on the occasion of the visit he alludes in touching terms to the long journey he had taken. “I have come,” he said, “from a distant country, over mountains, rivers, and snowy passes to meet your Royal Highness,

and I would gladly have travelled ten times the distance for the honour of such an interview."

The celebrations in Calcutta culminated in the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the hall erected in commemoration of Queen Victoria. The words which the Prince pronounced on this occasion are not only eloquent, but they sum up once for all the emotions excited by his experience of India and of its people.

The Prince said :

" We are met to-day to commemorate a great sorrow and a great love. Everywhere the Princess of Wales and myself in our journey through this vast and varied land have had almost daily evidence of the ample manner in which India has returned the affection of her first Queen-Empress. . . . To us this wonderful expression of gratitude brings natural pride and warm hopes. The Taj, which has delighted and fascinated us by its beauty and by its story, can never be rivalled in its grace. But in generations to come this memorial to a great Queen, whose sympathy conquered distance and space, may present to the historian reflections as hallowed as those which are inspired by the Taj Mahal."

This consideration may indeed compensate for what is lacking in artistic beauty in the

monuments which from time to time are erected in India to commemorate events of interest both to rulers and ruled. How far this joint interest may go in the future cannot be prophesied. India is changing fast, and education and the development of railways and other means of communication tend to make her more restless of control. But whether she breaks loose or elects to share in the Empire which makes her great, the stamp of her defenders' sovereignty will remain upon the land. As Lord Curzon observed in opening this same hall some time afterwards :

“ This statue and this great hall were erected to the memory of the greatest and best Sovereign whom India has ever known. She lived far away over the seas, but her heart was with her subjects in India, both of her own race and all others. She loved them both the same. In her time, and before it, great men lived and great deeds were done. Here are their memorials. This is her monument.”

Before leaving Calcutta the Prince made a donation of ninety thousand rupees to the Medical College of that city. These were derived from a “nazar” of a lakh of rupees which he had received from the Maharaja of Durbhangar to distribute in charity as he thought best.

After a rest at Barrackpur, the Royal party started for Burma and Southern India. King Edward in his Indian tour did not visit the former country, as the present facilities of travel did not then exist. Therefore the Royal visit came as a new sensation to the inhabitants of Rangoon and Upper Burma.

For close on a century Lower Burma has been under British rule, and the sea-borne trade passing through Rangoon is very large. Now a railway runs to Mandalay, and though we have only had control of Upper Burma for under twenty years, travellers can pass over the country with ease and safety. The energy and the labour which this state of things implies shows the devotion to duty of the Englishman in the Far East. At Rangoon the Princess received special visits from the Burmese ladies, and she found that in this country the status of women is very different from that which is almost universal in India. The Burmese woman is distinguished for her intelligence and strong character. She enters successfully into trade, keeps stalls in the bazaar, and helps her spouse in the labour of the paddy-field. She even enters into business contracts with Government officials, and avails herself eagerly of all opportunities for higher education. It has even been

remarked by those who know the country that Burmese women pay much less attention to the practice of their religion than the Burman, who for his part is a devout and carefully-trained Buddhist.

Whilst in Lower Burma the Royal party were entertained by a very fine display of elephants, and they saw this intelligent animal at work lifting and stacking timber. In the more civilised parts machinery is now used for this purpose, but when it comes to clearing primeval forests, and manipulating the fallen timber on swampy, roadless ground, then nothing can take the place of the powerful, well-trained elephant. The Prince and Princess did not omit to visit the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, an act which gave great satisfaction to the Burmese, and at Mandalay, among the "thousand and one pagodas" for which that city is renowned, they saw the beautiful Arakan Pagoda.

A little duck-shooting made the Prince acquainted with the most popular sport of a country that has many swamps and broad pieces of water, and then the party re-embarked for Madras and the south.

Here Lord Amphill, the Governor, and his sons received the Royal party, and the rulers of Cochin and Pudukottai came on a visit of

ceremony to the Heir Apparent. The usual receptions were held, and an exhibition was given of a dance of the Khonds. These are curious people, almost negroid in their characteristics, who lingered long in the more remote parts of the Madras Presidency, and were addicted to human sacrifices and other uncivilised practices. These, however, have been suppressed, and the people remain simple and unprogressive, but not altogether unreliable.

At Mysore the Princee was in one of the self-governing states which show the best side of English rule in the peninsula. At one time, on account of disorder and misgovernment, it was annexed by the Imperial Government, but when all danger of revolt against authority had been wiped out by systematic management, it was given back to the then representative of its former ruler. The rendition of Mysore after fifty years is always looked upon as one of the great acts of justice by which England has striven to repair errors of administration in the very early days of her rule. The young Maharaja of Mysore was long a minor, and during that time his hereditary country was administered for him. The country is progressive in the best sense, and the Mysore Technical College, inspected by the

Prince, testifies to the interest taken in practical science by the Maharaja on behalf of his people.

On the way to Seringapatam to see the tomb of Hyder Ali the Prince performed that little act of charity to the disabled Sepoy which so won the hearts of those who witnessed it. A British officer remarked that in future the regiment to which the Sepoy belonged would be known as the "Shahzada's Regiment" among the men, and that they would bear themselves more loyally and more proudly in memory of the fact that their "brother" had been noticed by his lord.

Elephant catching by means of the "keddah" was one of the characteristic sports of the country witnessed by the Prince before he said farewell to his host and passed on to Hyderabad. The Nizam of Hyderabad, Mir Mahabub Ali Khan, dressed in a yellow robe, the colour of his state, met his Royal Highness at the station, though in serious trouble at the time owing to the dangerous illness of his daughter. He is the Mahomedan ruler of a Deccan state, and although eighty per cent. of his people are Hindu, he rules them with such tact and discretion that there is practically no religious difficulty.

The Nizam by his upright character keeps

all that part of the peninsula steady, and a state of tranquillity makes for the prosperity of his subjects and those of neighbouring states. He had prepared a brilliant programme for his Royal guests, but the death of his daughter, which occurred shortly after their arrival, threw a shadow over the festivities. With exquisite Eastern politeness he tried to hide his grief and let all proceed as if he had no private sorrow, but this the Prince and Princess would not allow. The arrangements were carried out, but in a quieter manner, and without the presence of the Nizam. These included one of the largest reviews, after that of Rawal Pindi, at which the Queen's Own Rajputs received new colours. This regiment has the distinction of carrying three colours instead of two. They received this privilege in 1803 for distinguished services at Delhi and Laswari under General Lake, and on the flag which was then presented to them runs the motto, "Lake and Victory." On no account would the regiment part with the third colours, though attempts have been made to reduce their number to the regulation two.

During his stay at Hyderabad the Prince had some good sport in the jungle. On the first day he bagged altogether two tigers and

a panther. On the second he had some exciting moments with a tigress. The animal was wounded and crept away into the jungle, where the beaters had a difficulty in tracking her. Finally she was driven out, not without danger to the men concerned, and as she charged furiously past the Prince's post he brought her down with a fine shoulder shot. The Princess visited the Victoria Zenana Hospital, which renders great services to the women of that part of India.

Now the time came to work northwards again, the intention being to visit Quetta and the frontier, taking Benares on the way. At this sacred city of India they had a splendid reception, and a procession under triumphal arches of a different character from any with which they had so far been greeted. They represented characteristic features of Benares, both historical and industrial, worked out with great care.

At Ramnagar they were entertained with tableaux illustrating the history of Rajputana, and when in the neighbourhood of the sacred river witnessed the illumination of the Ganges. Some gallant Gurkhas, who had done rescue work at Dhamsala during the earthquake, received medals from the Prince.

A slight change in the programme now

took place. It had been arranged that the Prince should have some shooting in Nepal, but on the news that cholera had broken out there, plans were changed. There was a fortnight to be filled up in some way, so the Prince paid a second visit to Gwalior, where his friend Maharaja Scindia provided him with some capital sport, and the Princess visited Lucknow, Agra, and Landour.

While in the neighbourhood the Prince of Wales inspected the Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh, founded by Syed Ahmed. Here the upper-class Mahomedan youths receive an education which fits them to take their place in the advance of modern India. Hitherto, from religious scruples, the Mahomedans have held aloof from progressive ideas, and the more alert Hindu has monopolised what advantages education can give. At Aligarh their religion is safeguarded whilst they are educated on European models. As time passes the Mahomedan is coming abreast of his Hindu competitor.

On March 11, in wild, wet weather, Quetta was reached. Here the Khan of Kelat, lord of Beluchistan, and the Jam of Las Bela are our important neighbours and allies. Here, too, the frontier is in view once more, and Quetta is therefore one of the great fort-

resses of India. The Khojak Tunnel gives access through the hill barrier, and strong fortresses, such as the Lockhart Battery, guard the approaches. The importance of the Quetta-Herat line is undoubted, for any danger from Europe is as likely to come this way as *via* the Khyber. Since the construction of the Bagdad railway to Bussorah and the Persian Gulf this importance is increased, especially in view of an agreement between Russia and Germany, for the new line is largely in the hands of the latter nation.

Sir Thomas Holdich, in discussing the nature of the ground which lies between Quetta and Herat, Seistan and the Arabian sea-coast, holds that any line of advance on Sind would be dominated by the Quetta position. Knowing the opinion of experts on this question, there is no doubt of the Prince's interest in inspecting these important defences.

Passing on to Karachi the Prince of Wales unveiled one more memorial, this time a white marble statue of Queen Victoria. He inspected the 130th Baluchis, of which he is colonel, and held an investiture by order of the King.

The long and eventful journey was now at an end, and taking farewell of Sir Pertab

Singh, Maharaja of Idai, who had accompanied the Prince and Princess during the whole of the tour, the Royal pair embarked on the *Renown* and started for home.

Behind them they left a loyalty enkindled by the sight of a Sovereign Prince which means much to those who believe in the reality of kingship. The great native chiefs had everywhere received him with the utmost enthusiasm. The Maharaja of Jaipur laid his sword in homage at his feet, and Scindia, the great ruler of Gwalior, descended from his state seat as a mark of respect. The Prince learnt much from his view of both ancient and modern India. He saw the improvements, and he saw also the unrest that some of the changes had caused. The “Swadeshi” campaign had already begun in Bengal, and there was some hint of outrages, though this state of things has developed since. But amid all the stir and movement, whether of loyalty to the ruling powers or a desire for emancipation, he saw also the patient, silent people—the ryot in his thirsty field, the toiler at the panting mill. The long hours of labour, the scanty gain, the changeless life passed before his eyes as he went from state to state. For these, the lowliest of his people, he also took thought. In his fare-

well speech he included them in the sympathy which he expressed for the Indian people "of whatever race or creed." He spoke of the scenes of brightness and splendour, adding, "We have not forgotten the hard lives led by those in the trying climates of the plains, and we know of the miseries that beset the patient, hard-working peasant when the rains do not come in due season."

So the representative of the King-Emperor took leave of his subjects in the East, and on his return, at an important meeting at the Guildhall, he made a great speech upon his experiences and the lessons he had learnt. He had realised, as only a traveller can, the significance of India, a continent nearly as large as Europe, ringed with protecting mountains, threaded by mighty rivers, and peopled by many races with diverse creeds and languages. But more than all he realised "the patience, the simplicity of life, the loyal devotion, and the religious spirit which characterise the Indian people," as well as "their faith in the absolute justice and integrity of our rule." He suggested that those who are interested in the Indian questions of the day should visit the great dependency and so study them on the spot, and into their study they should

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infuse a large measure of sympathy. That is the secret of a better understanding between those who govern and those who submit to their rule. "I will venture to predict that to such sympathy there will be an ever-abundant and generous response." In this spirit King George V. intends to govern his Indian subjects, and the firmness of his rule will in no wise suffer because he intends that Indian difficulties shall be met sympathetically. New ties will be created and the old ones strengthened by the right hand of the King dealing justice and mercy to his people.

CHAPTER XV

THE KING-EMPEROR

" Let their heirs, God, if Thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days."

—*Richard III.* v. 4.

AFTER the Indian tour came a period of home life and of routine duties. The linking up of the monarchies of Europe was proceeding apace. In 1906 the Prince's cousin, Eugenie Victoria of Battenberg, married the young King of Spain, and the wedding festivities kept the Royal Family busy. Some warning, however, of the risks that dog the footsteps of monarchs, and which they face with royal courage, came on the auspicious day itself. A bomb was thrown at the King of Spain's carriage as the wedded pair returned from the cathedral, and though the occupants were spared, yet lives were lost, and the catastrophe cut short the rejoicing of all. The Prince of Wales' carriage came next to that of the king, and would have been involved in one common destruction had the dastardly attempt been successful.

Very soon after the Spanish marriage came another change in the Royal circle. Prince Charles of Denmark, who had married Princess Maud of Wales (King Edward's daughter), was chosen King of Norway under the title of King Haakon. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the coronation ceremonies, together with their only daughter, Princess Mary.

Once again the Prince of Wales went to Canada to represent King Edward at the great Tercentenary Festival in Quebec, and once again he reviewed Canadian troops on the Heights of Abraham. Lord Grey was then Governor-General, and in a public ceremony the Prince handed to him the sum subscribed to purchase this historic site and keep it as a possession of the Dominion for ever. Then, accompanied by Lord Roberts, he witnessed the great march past of the troops. It was a splendid display of the naval and military resources of the Dominion.

The next day His Royal Highness witnessed a pageant of Canadian history, and when he took his departure he expressed his satisfaction that Canada and the motherland were bound as by "living links" through the affection of her sons for the country they called "home."

So, little by little, the Prince crept closer

into the affections of his father's subjects. But the time was coming when a yet higher responsibility was to be thrown upon him. King Edward's health began to give anxiety to those of his immediate circle. To his people he still seemed full of the old vitality, and their affection grew as they realised his value. By his diplomatic talents he became the Peacemaker of Europe, and by his great personality he kept disintegrating forces in check at home. Yet the strain was telling upon him, and he no longer had the reserve strength to meet the strenuous life he led. Being "every inch a king," he could not shake off his responsibilities, even if he could delegate some of his formal duties to his son.

Early in 1910 he went abroad, as he had done of late years, to escape the treacherous English spring. In Paris he was reported to have caught a cold, but little was said about it. Not till he got to Biarritz did the news come out that he was laid up with severe bronchitis. Those who were with him almost feared that the King would breathe his last on foreign soil, but the attack passed, and he returned to England nominally in good health. But his recuperative power was gone; there were political difficulties which weighed heavily upon him, and he could not get rid of the

depression as of yore. He spoke with the old unshaken courage, but his heart was bowed under a burden now grown too heavy for his strength. When the end came it was swift. A slight chill, a few days in bed, and then suddenly a shiver of alarm throughout the country. The King was at the point of death. Only a little time for prayer and—the King was dead.

On Friday, May 6, the end came, and Edward VII. laid down for ever the burden of empire, and went to give an account of his stewardship before Him “by whom kings rule and the princes of the earth have dominion.”

Upon the Prince of Wales fell the task of officially communicating the news of the King’s death, and on the next morning (May 7) he met his first Privy Council. He paid a sorrowful, yet proud, tribute to the deceased King as a sovereign and father, and then added the following earnest words :

“To endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the Constitutional Government of these Realms, will be the earnest object of my life. I am deeply sensible of the very heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. I know that I can rely upon Parliament, and upon the people of these Islands and of my Dominions beyond the Seas, for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and for their prayers that God will grant me strength and guidance. I am

encouraged by the knowledge that I have in my dear wife one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavour for our people's good."

George V. now reigned in his father's stead, and in spite of his own deep personal sorrow, he never let it interfere with his thoughtfulness for others.

The late King had endeared himself to his subjects by the familiar way in which he had gone among them. He had no fear of loss of dignity by this easiness of access, and now his son found a way to let the people come once more into the presence of their sovereign lord King Edward. They should still greet him, though his smile was no longer for them, and his voice was hushed in the great silence. Therefore it was arranged that the coffin should be placed in the great Hall of Westminster, and Edward VII. should lie in state whilst his people passed before him. It was a wonderful homage. At each corner of the catafalque was a soldier on guard with bent head and arms reversed. At the foot stood a Gurkha, representative of the great Indian Empire, and they were as men carved in stone, mourning motionless. Past the bier, separated only by a frail barrier, went the English people. Hour by hour the stream flowed on, with soft footfall, like the lapping of the wave

on their own island shore. There was no pushing and no haste; each seemed to pause for the fraction of a second, just time for the dropping of a tear or the breathing of a prayer. Then onward, with one backward glance to see the coffin, the flag of England at its feet, and the soft dust-cloud rising like incense, golden in the light of the tall tapers. So the people whom he had served showed their loving gratitude to their dead King.

The funeral procession passed through London on a cloudless day, a midsummer day ere spring was gone and while the trees were yet half bare.

It was a military funeral, as is customary for the Ruler of the nation. Long lines of troops kept the road from Westminster Hall to Paddington, whence the cortège would take train for Windsor. Regiment after regiment, cavalry and infantry, artillery and the naval brigade, all preceded their Sovereign to his last resting-place, and the bands played a dead march as the procession passed between the densely-packed crowd of mourning subjects. Then came the Earl Marshal, a distinct figure as he rode alone, heralding that for which all had waited during long hours of expectation. The gun-carriage, with its Royal burden, came slowly along, and all men looked their last

at the coffin shrouding the mortal remains of the great King-Emperor, Edward VII. Behind followed his charger, with boots reversed, as the custom is, and his pet dog Cæsar. Next rode the new King upon whom the mantle of Royalty had fallen, on each side of him his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and the Kaiser, and close behind his brother-sovereigns of Europe, the Kings of Spain, Denmark, Norway, Greece, Belgium, Portugal, and Bulgaria. With these, again, were many princes from all parts of the world, and then the next great object of respectful sympathy, the widowed Queen Alexandra.

It was a day of mourning, but the crowds could not but be interested in the sight of those who were now to be next the throne—Queen Mary and her son, the Duke of Cornwall, the Heir Apparent. The whole ceremony was the justification of Royalty. The dead King had not spared himself, and in the short nine years during which he had held the sceptre of Empire had thrown such moral weight into the Councils of Europe, that he was known as Edward the Peacemaker. Yet it had not been an easy task to succeed Queen Victoria in the affections of her people. They were used to her statesmanship, to the tactful

way in which she accepted the advice of her Ministers, without losing her prestige as a firm and wise ruler. They were used also to her quiet, home-loving ways. Of late years her great age had obliged her to retire from the more active duties of her position, but her solicitude for her people remained unchanged. It is related of her that on hearing of a specially serious defeat early in the Boer War she wept, and said : "Alas, my brave Irish soldiers." And her heart was ever with her army. She was always planning something to alleviate, if ever so little, the sufferings of the troops in the burning African veldt.

On the other hand, King Edward, as Prince of Wales, had taken many responsibilities off his great mother's shoulders, and when he became King he was able to fulfil them in his own position, and not merely as a representative.

He took in many ways a new view of England's opportunities. The Japanese Alliance, in 1907, was brought about on his advice, and he broke down the Continental policy of the "isolation" of England. The Court became more brilliant, the Sovereign was often in his Capital. People looked to him as a power in the land and as a capable head to a great Empire. The hearts of all his people followed him, and their thoughts were

still with him, even if they were not there in the flesh, as the gun-carriage upon which he lay was drawn up the steep hill of Windsor by the bluejackets. They had been hastily put to the same task at Queen Victoria's obsequies, when the horses had failed to mount the slippery slope leading to the castle, and now the honour was accorded to them as their due. It seemed so appropriate that the monarch who held the supremacy of the seas should have this last service rendered to him by his faithful sailors.

At the close of the ceremony in St. George's Chapel the regalia were removed from the coffin, and the new King advanced and stood by as it was slowly lowered into the vault whilst the last words of the Burial Service were read. Then the Garter King at Arms, according to usage, proclaimed the titles of King Edward VII., followed by those of King George, pronouncing him "The most high, most mighty, and most excellent Monarch, our Sovereign Lord George, now, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

The official Proclamation of His Majesty's Accession had already been made in London at the customary places, at St. James's Palace, Charing Cross, Temple Bar, which is the boundary of the City of London, and at the Royal Exchange. The King himself issued further Proclamations by his own hand to the Army and Navy, the Colonies and the Indian Empire. In each of his messages he had something personal to say, something that could come out of his own mind and his own heart. To the Navy he acknowledged their services rendered to the late King, "my beloved father," and he added on his own behalf: "Educated and trained in that profession which I love so dearly, retirement from active duty has in no sense diminished my feeling of affection for it. For thirty-three years I have had the honour of serving in the Navy, and such intimate participation in its life and work enables me to know how thoroughly I can depend upon the spirit of loyalty and zealous devotion to duty, of which the glorious history of our Navy is the outcome."

The Army he thanked for their "gallant and devoted service" to his father, and recalled to their mind the special opportunities he had had of becoming intimately acquainted with

the forces in all parts of the Empire. On their loyalty, too, he could count, for this has always been "the proud tradition of the British Army."

The message to the Colonies bears on it the impress of that personal knowledge which King George had gained, not only in the official tour in 1901, but in all his visits to various countries where he was stationed when still actively employed in the Navy. He is often spoken of as a "much travelled king," but his experience of the "Britain beyond the seas" is not merely that of a passing sight-seer. He has known parts of his Empire from boyhood, and has had happy days of light-hearted sport, as well as earnest years of political study. There is nothing "insular" about King George except his love of the sea. When therefore he addressed his colonial possessions, he needed no grave statesman to advise him as to the expressions in conventional use, but with his own hand he wrote what his heart dictated.

"To My People Beyond the Seas.

"The innumerable messages of kindness from my loyal subjects beyond the Seas have deeply touched my heart, and have assured me that I have in full measure their sympathy in the great trial which has befallen me and them, that my sorrow is their sorrow, that we share a common loss.

"The happiness of all his people throughout his dominions was dear to the heart of my beloved father. For them he lived and worked, in their service he died, and I cannot doubt that they will hold his name in grateful remembrance. I am now called to follow in his footsteps and carry on the work which prospered in his hands.

"As a sailor, I have been brought into constant touch with the oversea dominions of the Crown, and I have personally realised the affectionate loyalty which holds together many lands and diverse peoples in one glorious fellowship.

"Nine years ago I travelled through the Empire, accompanied by my dear wife, and, had the late King lived, we should together, at his expressed wish, have visited South Africa in the coming autumn to open the first Parliament of the South African Union, the latest and greatest evidence of that peace and harmony which my father ever loved to promote.

"It will be my earnest endeavour to uphold Constitutional Government and to safeguard in all their fulness the liberties which are enjoyed throughout my dominions, and under the good guidance of the Ruler of all men I will maintain upon the foundation of freedom, justice, and peace the great heritage of the united British Empire."

The Native Princes and people of India having conveyed to King George their sympathy with him in the loss of his father, a message of thanks was sent to them through the proper channels, but here again we know that he is speaking with all sincerity when he speaks of the welfare of India as being his great concern.

"I have received with profound appreciation the expressions of sympathy and loyalty conveyed in your Excellency's message from the Princes and people of all races and creeds in my Indian Empire on the occasion of the death of my dearly-loved father, the King-Emperor.

"I am deeply touched by this expression of their universal sorrow for his death. He always remembered with affection his visit to India, and its welfare was ever in his thoughts.

"From my own experience I know the profound loyalty felt for my throne by the Princes and people of India, to whom I desire that my acknowledgments of the homage they have tendered to me on my accession may be made known.

"The prosperity and happiness of my Indian Empire will always be to me of the highest interest and concern, as they were to the late King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress before him."

In a subsequent message he greets all the Princes and subjects in his great dependency. It is easy to read between the lines how deeply he was impressed by the experiences gained during his recent visit to India. His Royal father had already made acquaintance with the country, and was always conscious of his responsibilities in connection with it, but his reign had been too short for him to give effect to his ideas. Now the Indian people have a King-Emperor who knows them and their needs, and whose one wish is to see them prosperous and governed with equity. It is

to this effect that he addresses them in announcing his accession to the throne.

“The lamented and unlooked-for death of my dearly loved father calls me to ascend the throne that comes to me as the heir of a great and ancient line.

“As King and Emperor I greet the Princes, the Ruling Chiefs, and all the other dwellers in my Indian dominions. I offer you my heartfelt thanks for the touching and abundant manifestation that this event has called forth from all the diverse races, classes, and faiths in India, of loyalty to the Sovereign Crown, and personal attachment to its wearers.

“Queen Victoria of revered memory addressed her Indian subjects and heads of Feudatory States when she assumed the direct government in 1858; and her august son, my father, of honoured and beloved name, commemorated the same most notable event in his address to you fifty years later. These are the charters of the noble and benignant spirit of Imperial rule, and by that spirit in all my time to come I will faithfully abide.

“By the wish of his late Majesty, and following his own example, I visited India five years ago, accompanied by my Royal Consort. We became personally acquainted with great kingdoms known to history, with monuments of a civilisation older than our own, with ancient customs and ways of life, with native rulers, with the peoples, the cities, towns, villages, throughout those vast territories.

“Never can either the vivid impressions or the affectionate associations of that wonderful journey vanish or grow dim.

“Firmly I confide in your dutiful and active co-operation in the high and arduous tasks that lie before me, and I count upon your ready response to the earnest sympathy

with the well-being of India, that must ever be the inspiration of my rule."

In these messages to the chief parts of the Empire and to the services which guard it we see plainly marked a sincerity and independence of utterance which always distinguished King George while still Prince of Wales. His reign is scarcely begun, so that we have not many incidents by which to judge how he means to fulfil his ideal of kingship, but at any rate his past career shows us what that ideal is. In the first place, we have seen that he recognises the democratic forces pulsating in the nations of to-day, and he sees that these do not necessarily mean the destruction of monarchy. On the contrary they make for a more fervent loyalty, when the King takes his true place as the father of his people. The tendency to-day is to brush aside the conventions which would keep a king hedged round from contact with the realities of life, and King George is the last man to wish for a mere subservient ring of courtiers to guard his throne. To see the people of his Empire with his own eyes and to let their petitions sound in his ears, to put their needs before his pleasures, this has been his aim in all his travels. The head of the greatest spiritual monarchy that the world has ever seen calls

himself the “Servant of the servants of God.” That is the true ideal for any man who has in trust the welfare of nations. There must be due order of rank and office, for each one has his place to fill, and chaos is not government ; but the heart of the King beats for his people, and a great charge lays upon him a weight from which they are free. This very sense of responsibility gives King George a certain simplicity of action. It is related that when he was in India on the road to Seringapatam a sepoy of the escort fell and broke his leg. King George at once left his carriage and personally superintended the dressing of the injured limb. This act profoundly impressed his Indian subjects. “How fortunate is our brother,” they said, “that the Shazada should have deigned to notice him !”

At another time during the same tour Queen Mary (then Princess of Wales) was giving a private inspection to a native village. Some idea as to her identity soon pervaded the place. A poor distressed woman came up and salaamed low before her, and at once the Princess gave word that her petition should be heard. It was the cry of a broken-hearted mother. Her son was in a convict prison ; if only her Royal Highness would deign to give the word he would be set free,

so the poor soul believed. It was this free personal access that impressed the people, even if the boon could not be granted.

Another characteristic of the King is his care for the religious equality of his people. This arises from no mere indifference of his own. When travelling on these great official tours it was understood that the Sunday should always be observed as a day of rest and devotion, and the proper practice of his religion was never neglected. But though the King is a staunch member of the Church of England, he learnt in his visits to his Empire that he rules over peoples of many creeds, some of them far older than the Established Church. In India he had brought before him the deep cleavage caused by the difference between Hinduism and Mahomedanism, not counting the smaller communities of Sikhs, Rajputs, Parsis, &c. In French Canada the numerical strength and the vitality of his Catholic subjects was made very plain to him. The perception that here, as well as in other parts of the Empire, the loyalty to rulers so strenuously insisted upon by the Catholic Church was faithfully observed, no doubt made him doubly anxious to meet their goodwill.

The antiquated declaration, which by the

Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement (William III.) was imposed upon the King when he should first meet his new Parliament, seemed to him an unnecessary insult to the faith of every Catholic in the Empire. He was cheerfully met in this matter by his Ministers, and a majority of the Houses of Parliament was quite of his mind as to the unsuitability of such a declaration in an age of toleration. So the adherents of that faith, which alone of all the creeds of the Empire was singled out for abuse, are gratefully convinced that they owe their relief from the insults of the declaration to the firm attitude of George V., who would not willingly hurt the lowliest of his subjects. His own attitude was clear. He was willing to make any statement which showed that the King of England must adhere to the Protestant religion, but he did not admit that this result could only be obtained by insulting the faith of a very large number of his subjects. In the end a form was framed which met the difficulty, and when King George opened the Parliament of 1911 he merely had to pronounce the following words :

“ I, George, do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I am a faithful Protestant, and that I will, according to the true intent

of the enactments which secure the Protestant succession to the throne of my realm, uphold and maintain the said enactments to the best of my power, according to law."

This declaration binds the sovereign to be a Protestant, without insisting on a definition.

Judging from what they already know of his past, the subjects of George V. have every reason to look forward to an auspicious reign. A great empire always has jealous rivals, whose opportunity comes when there is any disunion within. The head of the state, then, must be trained to act with promptitude and decision. His early career has imparted these qualities to the King.

The people, by the very expansion of their liberties, are brought nearer to the one who holds the supreme position, they look to him for examples of conduct and self-control. They see in King George a model husband and father. In days when people sadly say that the ties of family life are loosening, they have a monarch who devotes care and thought to the education of six fair children. For his sons he has chosen the same training as he had himself, and already two of them take their rank among the naval cadets, and are brought up under strenuous discipline, while the Queen gives the same care to the early

training of the younger princes. In his own life the King sets examples of early rising and hard work. Incidentally we see some of the fruits of this temperate, self-denying life in his proficiency with the gun. A steady hand, a keen eye, a ready judgment go to make King George one of the best shots in the kingdom, as they also go to make him a leader of men.

Our King is still in the early days of his reign, but already he is gaining the confidence of those who see in him the qualities of a good ruler. Dark clouds will gather—sometimes in the councils of foreign statesmanship, sometimes among the mute masses of his own subjects—but much can be done by one who has a firm hold upon the helm. By the name and prestige of a great Queen the Empire was consolidated. By the wise diplomacy of Edward, second of the Victorian line, its dominion was made plain to the monarchs of Europe. By the hand of brotherhood, joined to the power of kingship, its subjects will be welded into one people, and the golden bond that holds them in union is loyalty to the King-Emperor.

